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Bot A voice to Universalists

A
✓
VOICE
TO
UNIVERSALISTS.

✓
BY HOSEA BALLOU.

"Suffer me a little, and I will show thee that I have yet to speak
on God's behalf."

JOB 39: 2.

BOSTON:
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Dedication.

THIS VOLUME IS MOST AFFECTIONATELY
INSCRIBED TO ALL THE BELOVED BRETHREN IN THE
MINISTRY OF UNIVERSAL SALVATION, AND TO ALL WHO BE-
LIEVE IN THAT DIVINE DOCTRINE, AS REVEALED
THROUGH OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR, JESUS
CHRIST, AND RECORDED IN THE
HOLY SCRIPTURES,
BY THEIR VERY HUMBLE AND GRATEFUL SERVANT,
HOSEA BALLOU.



PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

THE work, here laid before the public, consists partly of original pieces written by Mr. Ballou for this volume, and partly of articles from his pen which have already appeared in different periodicals. To the former class belong A General Epistle to Universalists, Momentous Questions, Essay on Universalism, Advice to Young Men who design to enter the Ministry, The Doctrine of Universal Salvation, and The Utility of Evil. The latter class is made up of such selections, from his writings, as it was thought desirable to preserve in a more permanent form than that in which they first appeared.

One object with the Publisher was to call forth, from the venerable Author, some new contributions to the great cause to which he has devoted his life; some additional counsels, which his brethren may receive as a legacy, and some fresh testimony which the world may regard as the maturest dictate of long experience and reflection. His advanced age forbids

the hope that he will many times again address the public in this way ; and the latest thoughts and sentiments of such a man, on topics of so much moment as those which are here discussed, will be felt to claim respectful attention with all candid minds.

He is now in his seventy-ninth year, and in the fifty-ninth of his ministry, having begun to preach in the autumn of 1791. His first settlement, as a pastor, was in 1796, over the Universalist Society in Dana, Mass. From this place he removed, in 1803, to Barnard, Vt., and took the charge of the Universalist societies in that town, in Woodstock, Hartland, Bethel, and Bridgewater. After continuing there about six years, he accepted a settlement, in 1809, with the church in Portsmouth, N. H. In 1815, he was called to the church in Salem, Mass.; and thence, in Dec. 1817, to the Second, or School Street, Universalist Church, in Boston, with which he is still connected as senior pastor.

This is no place, nor time, to speak of the peculiar endowments which have distinguished him from the first, and which yet continue in a great measure unimpaired. It will be no indelicacy, however, to recognize (what is universally conceded) his fatherly relation to the present body of believers in the salvation of all mankind, and his paramount agency in spreading

this doctrine. He has lived to see the number of its professors increased from a few thousands to nearly as many hundreds of thousands. That faith, which was everywhere held in abomination at his entrance in the field, has also diffused its elements at least into all the old forms of religious belief, and sensibly modified even the popular creed. The character of Universalism itself has been renovated under his eye. Almost half a century ago, it began to cast its old Calvinistic slough; and it went on to develop itself more nearly according to the simplicity of the Scriptures. In all this progress, of various kinds, external and internal, he has borne the leading part. Besides the immediate results of his preaching, writings, and conversation, he has furnished much of the solid material which others have wrought out into current use, and, in many cases, has given the impulse and general direction of thought to those who have come to different conclusions from his own on subordinate points. It is not extravagant to say, in general terms, that what Universalism now is, and what its influence now is on the religious world, is owing, under God, to him.

Should it be asked, how he has been enabled to accomplish so much in his Master's cause, the answer will be very important to such as would share in usefulness of this permanent kind. So far as human

means are concerned, he has done it by rigorously "minding his own business;" by concentrating all his powers upon the work ; by consecrating himself, his time, his reputation, all that he had, to the truth as it is in Jesus Christ, disregarding men's abuse or favor, and speaking in the plainest simplicity the message of which his heart was full. This is the secret of success, with those who have a dispensation of the gospel committed to them. Without this, the most splendid talents will leave no more lasting effects behind, than does the morning cloud, or the dew that vanishes under the heat and burden of the day.

J. M. USHER.

Boston, Aug. 1849.

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A GENERAL EPISTLE

TO UNIVERSALISTS.

To the numerous fraternity of believers in universal salvation, through Him who gave himself a ransom for all men, pursuant to the will of God, who will have all men to be saved and to come unto the knowledge of the truth ; and to all who call on the name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, whithersoever this epistle may come :— Brethren, will you listen to the beseechings of your aged servant in Christ, who has long endeavored to serve you for Jesus' sake ?

All favors bestowed by the Giver of every good gift, and every perfect gift, impose corresponding duties and obligations on those who receive them. By what means, let your servant ask, were your minds enlightened, and brought out of darkness into the glorious light of universal love ? You answer, By carefully and prayerfully searching the Scriptures. In what estimation, then, should you hold these Scriptures, which have granted

you this deliverance from the gloomy horrors of never-ending woes? Does the Bible contain the divine promise, that in the seed of Abraham, which seed is Christ, all the nations, all the families, all the kindreds of the earth shall be blessed? Does the Bible teach that the one Mediator between God and men gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time; that God has made known his purpose, that, in the fulness of the dispensation of times, he will gather together all things in Christ; and that he worketh all things after the counsel of his own will? And does it teach us, that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world? And do the Scriptures teach us all things which pertain to life and godliness, through the knowledge of him who hath called us to glory and virtue? If these things be so, allow your aged servant to beseech you to hold the Scriptures in that high regard, which corresponds with the blessings you receive from them.

Are there no reasons to fear, that the blessed oracles of divine truth are less read and less

regarded than they ought to be? Have not some of the professed preachers of the gospel manifested more regard for what is called science, than for the plain declarations of the Divine Word? And have they not been too much countenanced in this course by their hearers? A word to the wise is sufficient. Be exhorted, brethren, to regard the apostle's solicitude, who feared, that as the serpent beguiled Eve, through his subtilty, his brethren's minds would become corrupted from the simplicity which is in Christ. Are there no grounds to fear, that some, who have been open advocates of divine truth, have, in some measure, yielded to the popular influence exerted to dissuade them from its open defence, in hope of amalgamating with such as are so very liberal as to define no belief whether the will of our heavenly Father in man's final salvation will be accomplished or not? "To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." It seems hardly necessary, brethren, to exhort you to beware of that meteor called Christianity, which is not founded on Christ; which does not

acknowledge the reality of the wonderful works done by him; which would lose none of its authority by dispensing with Christ, his death and resurrection. "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain." Under pretence of progress, it seems that some have come to the conclusion, that they must leave the Scriptures, Christ and his apostles, all which only served for their times, and go on to perfection, adopting as a motto, *Upward and onward!* If, in room of leaving the Scriptures, they would only leave the false doctrines to whose support they have been erroneously applied, no fault could be imputed to their progress.

Your aged servant would call your very serious attention to the consideration of the Christian Sabbath, and the devotional services it requires. That the observance of the Sabbath, for the purposes of public devotion, is of indispensable necessity, it would seem no professed Christian could doubt. It is evident, according to the New Testament, that soon after the resurrection of the divine Master, the apostles, and all who believed on Jesus, met on the first day of every week for

the purpose of divine worship; and there is no doubt, but they chose that day because it was the day on which Jesus arose from the dead. In view of these momentous facts, does it not appear most reasonable, that all Christians, in all ages, should, as far as circumstances and means will permit, follow so good an example? Though there seems no probability that this custom will be soon wholly discontinued, we have, even now, and in our populous cities, where the people have every needed convenience for attending public worship on the Sabbath, reason to fear that many neglect this privilege; and that among this class are such whose example has an influence on others, thereby depriving them of those enjoyments, which none can well do without, and which are especially needed by the poor. Brethren, suffer the word of exhortation, not to neglect the assembling of yourselves together. Can any of you, rich or poor, seriously persuade yourselves, that it is better for you, and for your neighbors, and for your families, that you stay at home, and not attend public worship on the Sabbath? According to the influence your

example will exert in community, are the demands of community on you for such examples as may prove a blessing to others. Our time being short, let it be wisely improved. Who of us will regret, at the close of life, that we have devoted too many Sabbaths to the worship of God in public? Or who of us will not, at that period, be thankful for all the opportunities we shall have faithfully improved, in worshipping God in spirit and in truth?

As it is undoubtedly the case, with many believers in the doctrine of universal salvation, that they are, in many places, but few in number, and not able to be at the expense of a meeting-house, or of maintaining a public preacher, they may think it their duty to attend, with their families, public worship where a partial gospel is preached, and universal salvation proscribed. To such, it may be said, "Wisdom is profitable to direct." All circumstances must be taken into the account. How many true believers are there, who can meet together? Two or three have the promise of the divine presence. Let them meet in the private dwelling of some brother, who can

best accommodate such as will attend. Let the Bible be the minister. Read some portions of Scripture; converse on them; and, if convenient, sing hymns, &c. In all parts of our country now good sermons are in print, and might be read to edification in very small assemblies. By such meetings, some, who do not believe, may be induced to drop in, and inquire after truth. From such meetings, large societies of our common faith had their origin; and the oldest members thereof have confessed that their early meetings were among those which they best enjoyed. Let all who wish well to Zion, remember her in her low estate.

The establishment of churches, and the attendance on the Lord's supper, are privileges which ought not to be neglected. Could the prejudices of the people all be removed in regard to church membership, and the Lord's supper, and the more rational practice of the first Christian believers be adopted, it would, no doubt, much improve our Christian communion and fellowship. All who were converts to Christianity, were as freely admitted to the celebration of the supper, as they

were to the public services of devotion. Indeed, the supper was one part of public service. What good reason can be assigned why three quarters of a Christian congregation, after joining in the prayers and praises offered in the sanctuary, and after listening to a fervent dispensation of the words of everlasting life, retire from the house of worship, and leave the other fourth to celebrate the death of Jesus, in which the whole congregation believe? If the death of Jesus be allowed to benefit all, should not all join in its celebration? Community at large join in celebrating the day of our national independence; and the fact that this independence is a benefit to all, justifies the whole community in so doing. But, brethren, your servant, who offers advice, assumes no right to command. The apostle says, "Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup."

Among all the great subjects embraced in the circle of Christian duties, none can have a greater claim on parents, than the bringing up of their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Be exhorted, therefore, by the love of

Christ to little children, and by your own most tender affection for your offspring, to neglect no opportunity or means which may be employed in promoting this object. The young and tender heart, like the pliant wax, is susceptible of any impression. How indispensable, then, is it, that the divine image should be as constantly before the mind of childhood as is possible ! The more love is infused into the heart of the child, the more will that heart manifest the divine image. And the rule will hold good, in relation to this duty of parents, as in relation to all other duties, "Whatsoever a man sows, that shall he also reap." Parents in general, who have disobedient, ill-natured, and quarrelsome children, have used unreasonable severity with them, endeavoring to overcome evil with evil. The doctrine of Jesus should be taught to children while quite young. There is scarcely anything more easily taught. To render good for evil, is the essence of the doctrine which Jesus taught and practised. In any instance in which chastisement is required, the child should be made to understand that it is inflicted for its good.

The widely-spread custom of Sabbath schools, and the liberal patronage which is granted them, furnish wonderful facilities for the religious and moral culture of children. The writer of these suggestions was at Salem a few days since, at the Massachusetts Sabbath School Anniversary, where the many lovely children made a most charming display, and sang the praises of God with well-disciplined voices. The scene called up the comparison of these times with those fifty years ago, and it was believed, that fifty years, as well improved in future, would accomplish the divine promise, that all Zion's children shall be taught of the Lord, and that their peace shall be great. Parents and guardians would do well to give to children of their care all those multiplied advantages which distinguish our times.

Superintendents and teachers in Sabbath schools, are entitled to much gratitude for their faithful services, and it is hoped that their own religious and moral improvement will prove a rich reward, in connection with the happy reflection that they have watered and nurtured many pleasant plants, which flourish in the garden of God.

If, by the foregoing suggestions and advice, any minds should be induced to a serious consideration of the duties mentioned, and any service thereby result to the cause of truth, of pure and undefiled religion, and of humanity, it will show that, by God's blessing, small means may redound to his honor. The writer could not persuade himself that more than a few hints on the several subjects which have been noticed, could be required of him, or be of any essential benefit to his readers.

MOMENTOUS QUESTIONS.

1st. If the Divine Being inspired the prophets to foretel events, involving what would be brought to pass by the schemes planned by kings, and executed by armies under their command, was it possible that such events could have been prevented by human agency?

2d. If we allow that God, by his Holy Spirit, moved the prophet Isaiah to point out the sufferings of the Messiah, as we read in his fifty-third chapter, can we reasonably believe, that, by any

human agency, those sufferings could have been prevented ?

3d. Can we reasonably believe, and on rational grounds defend the belief, that Peter was possessed of an agency by which he could have avoided denying his Master, as Jesus told him he would ?

4th. If we allow that Jesus Christ appeared to Saul, for the purpose of his conversion to Christianity, and to make him a minister and a witness of gospel truth to the Gentiles, can we reasonably believe that it was possible, by any agency which Saul possessed, to have prevented his conversion, or have avoided his ministry ?

5th. Have we any reason to believe that Saul was possessed of any freedom of will, which was violated by the action of that power by which he was converted ?

By stating these questions, we wish not to puzzle the mind of any one ; but, believing as we do that the great subject embraced in them is not generally understood as it ought to be, it is hoped that, by calling attention to it, some useful inquiry will thereby be induced.

A SHORT ESSAY ON UNIVERSALISM.

WE propose, in what we shall say in the few following pages, on the subject of Universalism, to offer a few suggestions on several subjects which relate to the doctrine, considered as a system of theology, which distinguishes its believers, as a sect, from Christians of other denominations, and also in regard to some of the different views which have been entertained respecting the doctrine, by those who have professed and defended it. And,

1st. As respects the one central idea, in which all, who have ever professed to believe the doctrine, have agreed. This great and paramount idea embraces the final end of all sin in the human family, and the consequent holiness and happiness of all men. We deem it proper to consider all who embrace this one item of faith as Universalists, however they may differ in regard to the ways and means which have been,

or may be, used to carry into effect the desired and glorious result; or however they may differ as to times and seasons in which Divine wisdom may accomplish it. This item of faith evidently distinguishes all its advocates from all who believe that any of the human family will sin and suffer as long as the Creator shall exist.

2d. There is another item in the belief entertained by Universalists, in which all its advocates are agreed. And that is, that this great and glorious truth has its origin in the nature of God, and is a necessary result flowing from all the Divine attributes, which harmonize in infinite, unchangeable love. As it is manifestly unreasonable to suppose that there can exist in any one of the Divine attributes a tendency which conflicts with that of any other attribute, so is it equally unreasonable to allow that Divine justice can require any punishment or retribution which Divine love does not desire. That the good of the subject is the object, is the necessary conclusion.

3d. All Universalists agree in the belief, that their distinguishing doctrine is plainly taught by

Divine inspiration, in the scriptures of the Old and New Testaments; and, of course, they do not believe that the inspired Scriptures anywhere express a contrary doctrine. They find this doctrine in the writings of Moses, in the prophets, and in the Psalms; and most clearly set forth in the teachings of Jesus and his apostles. The very spirit of the gospel of the Son of God is that of love to enemies, and the rendering of good for evil. And,

4th. All Universalists agree in believing that the true Christian life consists in possessing, living, and acting the spirit of love, as manifested in the life and teachings of the Divine Master. And however we may fail, or come short of this rule, even our delinquencies admonish us of its purity, and compel us to acknowledge, it.

Having presented the reader with a short compendium of the articles of our faith, in which Universalists are agreed, we propose to set forth a concise view of some of the most important differences in the opinions which have been embraced by believers in the before-mentioned essential particulars.

It would not be consistent with our present purpose, or with the limits prescribed to these pages, to go back to the early ages of the church, and inquire into the particular tenets of those learned divines who were believers in this doctrine, and who taught it in the schools. Some of those, having imbibed many notions taught by Grecian philosophers, thought it consistent with Christianity to retain many heathen opinions, and exerted more labor, learning and criticism, to reconcile the ancient mythology with Christianity, than to understand and teach the doctrine of Jesus in its simplicity. What we now propose to do is to take somewhat of a general survey of the opinions entertained by those who, within the memory of living men, have believed and taught Universalism. As this doctrine was first taught in this country, its general aspect indicated that it had what we may call a Calvinistic base ! A work entitled "Calvinism Improved," designed to vindicate Universalism, was not very essentially different from the views of our Universalists in general fifty years ago. As the basis of Calvinism is generally understood, we need not describe its

elements. Simply to improve it, so as to establish Universalism on it, requires only to extend the merciful decrees of God, which Calvin restricted to a part of the human family, so as to embrace the whole, and do the same with the vicarious atonement made by the Son of God, which Calvin confined to a chosen part. When a Calvinist found that the Scriptures plainly teach that the Saviour gave himself a ransom for all men, having, by the grace of God, tasted death for every man, it was easy for him to see the impropriety of believing that God had, from all eternity, doomed any to endless woe. It does not appear that our earliest Universalists doubted that man, by sin, had incurred the just penalty of endless punishment, but fully relied on the efficacy of the atonement for a deliverance of all men from such a condemnation. The doctrine of the Trinity was also held as an essential part of the general system of doctrine. The great idea of universal salvation filled its believers so full of joy, giving such an impetus to benevolence and love, that their zeal to impart its light and comfort to their fellow-men seemed to correspond with its vastness

and glory. The natural consequence of this state of things was to arouse the clergy, who had been quietly settled in the doctrine of endless misery, and were enjoying a comfortable living with their people, who believed their doctrine, to look about them, and to exert all the means in their power to oppose and put down a doctrine, which, to them, appeared to be subversive of Divine truth, and dangerous to the interests of souls committed to their charge. The few defenders of Universalism found enough to do, in contending with their numerous and learned opposers, without retiring to their studies to call in question, and to examine, the soundness of certain tenets which they had never doubted, and which they could hold, not only without weakening their own cause, but use successfully in opposing their adversaries, who believed the same.

While viewing these circumstances, in room of wondering why our early preachers did not see the impropriety of allowing the infinite demerit of sin, and the incongruous notion of an infinite substitute for its penalty, we may marvel that they should have been brought so far out of

darkness as to behold that one bright and glorious star in the midst of the gloom which surrounded it. They were evidently men of strong minds, acute discernment, and of moral courage. To a wonderful degree were their labors blessed, and converts from the doctrine of endless punishment became numerous, as trophies of their spiritual warfare.

But as believers were multiplied, and additions made to the number of advocates of the impartial doctrine, it seems that Divine wisdom saw fit to lead some minds to look inquiringly into the soundness of many dogmas which had been suffered to lie undisturbed in public opinion for ages. These inquiries were directed to test the doctrine of the Trinity, of vicarious atonement, of the infinite demerit of sin, of the justice of endless punishment, of the common doctrine of a personal devil, and the existence of that hell in which the church had so long believed, and which her clergy had located in the invisible, eternal world. On examination of the dogma of three distinct persons in one indivisible, infinite being, each of which is infinite, it was discovered to be embar-

rassed not only with mystery, defying even an approach by the human understanding, but involving most palpable absurdity; and when the fact was duly considered, that Jesus by his many prayers acknowledged his dependence on his Father in heaven, and when it was also duly realized that he acknowledged that he was sent of the Father, and that all the power he possessed and exercised was given him by the Father, the dogma was given up, as resting on no better ground than human invention.

Vicarious atonement, when carefully examined, was believed to depend on certain assumed notions, which had for their support neither Scripture nor reason. If man justly deserved endless punishment, or any punishment at all, neither Scripture nor reason would allow that the innocent should suffer it in room and stead of the guilty. As to reason, it frowns on such a dogma indignantly; and the Scriptures, wherever they speak on the subject, assure us that God will render to every man according to his works. As, in the very nature of moral consciousness, guilt is the necessary retribution of the commis-

sion of known wrong, it is impossible that the innocent should suffer it.

The doctrine of the infinite demerit of sin, and of the justice of endless punishment, required no very deep or labored research to result in exploding it. The eye of enlightened reason, at one glance, could clearly see, that if sin be infinite, there can be no difference or degrees in criminality, while the Scriptures clearly teach a comparative distinction, and that while one offender is justly liable to many stripes, another is exposed to but a few. As to the justice of endless punishment, minds enjoying the liberty of free inquiry could easily detect the diabolical character of such justice, as it is the exact opposite of the Divine nature, which is love. Such justice is evidently predicated on the false principle and ungodly practice of rendering evil for evil.

The commonly received opinion, that there exists a personal being called the devil, seemed as difficult to eradicate from people's minds as any of the superstitions which had been nourished by learned divines in any age. Such a being, it seems, was indispensable in contriving

and carrying on the scheme of man's eternal ruin! But when inquiry demanded who was the author of this devil, and what he was made for, and who it is that upholds him, and other kindred questions were asked, the most plausible account which could be obtained amounted to the startling blasphemy of attributing the whole to the wisdom of God!

These inquiring minds indulged in the liberty of calling in question the existence of that hell, in the invisible, eternal world, the belief of which the doctors of the church have taught to their people for many ages. And now, what account were our divines able to furnish concerning this dark, gloomy state of endless woe? Nothing more than that they knew nothing about it. True, they would say that we read of hell in the Bible, but they were utterly unable to show that a single passage gave countenance to the existence of such a hell as they professed to believe in, and in which they taught the people to believe. And as such a belief is evidently dishonorable to the character of our heavenly Father, it was rejected as an abominable superstition.

As some of those exploded superstitions had been retained by the early defenders of Universalism, it was alarming to them to be assured that their younger brethren, who preached the glorious doctrine of universal salvation, had repudiated those doctrines which they had never called in question. And now arose a conflict between the preachers of Universalism, almost as sharp as that which had been carried on between Universalists and their opposers; and had it not been that the spirit imparted to all who believed in that one central idea of universal, impartial, and unchangeable love, predominated in directing their feelings and measures, lamentable consequences might have been realized. But such as had been favored with new discoveries, realizing that they first believed in universal salvation, before they made those discoveries, and even by the assistance of their fathers in the faith, would have been quite unreasonable, had they been either uncharitable or ungrateful towards their elders and benefactors. Such considerations were not without their favorable influence.

The doctrine of a future retribution, or of a

state hereafter in which the sins of this life will be punished, was not denied by any of the early defenders of final restoration. The belief that there will be an end of sin and of its punishment was received with such transporting joy, that minor subjects were little thought of. Those in our times, who are led to yield an assent to the doctrine of Universalism, rarely feel such ecstatic joy as did the first believers. The reason is, those who now become convinced of the truth of the doctrine have so long lived in the atmosphere of the doctrine, that they have, by degrees, become fully convinced, having been inclined that way for years. As early as were repudiated those opinions which have been noticed, that of a future state of punishment was called in question, and in process of a few years was by many disbelieved. By the writer of these pages this doctrine has been doubted more than half a century, and for nearly forty years has been disbelieved, as being taught in the Scriptures. Difference of opinion on this question, though at one time, and for a little while, produced a rent among our clergy; the healing power of the main

doctrine soon overcame all difficulty, which, for a long time, has given us no trouble. Though there are some now who believe in what is called future retribution, we know of none who pretend to prove it by Divine revelation, or dwell on it in their preaching. We know of no passages of Scripture, which teach the doctrine of a future state, which imply the existence of either sin or punishment in that state. Could we find any such testimony, we should then need Scripture proof that such sin and punishment will have an end, in order to be consistent Universalists.

Owing to the age and infirmities of the writer of this article, he cannot expect to be able, much longer, to render any considerable service to the infinitely glorious cause to whose interest he has had the happy privilege of devoting his humble talents for nearly sixty years. But while holding himself ready to resign his armor, at the word of command, he cannot fully express his gratitude for what he sees of the wonderful spread of truth, and for the numerous army which he will leave in its future defence.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN

WHO DESIGN TO ENTER THE MINISTRY.

It cannot appear unreasonable to any thinking, serious mind, that one who has spent nearly sixty years in the ministry of Christ, and his gospel, and whose lot has been to contend against those erroneous doctrines which for ages have held the minds of men in chains of darkness, and who, in conflict with the learned advocates of those doctrines, has been compelled to bear all that reproach which the enemies of Divine truth felt themselves justified in heaping on one who showed no disposition to cringe before them, or to shun exposing their errors, should, at that advanced age which evidently indicates that his labors are drawing to a close, feel a concern for, and be mindful of, those who may be called to the ministry of gospel truth hereafter. Not that he feels any concern for fear the cause of Divine truth will not

find faithful laborers in its defence; for he now has the joy of beholding many around him, devoted to the work, and whose labors are evidently blessed. But it is to be feared that some, who have engaged in this profession, have either mistaken their proper calling, or have but too imperfectly prepared themselves for the duties and labors which the calling demands.

A young man may be sincere, honest, a true believer, have a commendable zeal, and have a heart so warmed with the spirit of Christ, and of universal benevolence, that he may feel that it is his duty to enter the ministry at once, and devote himself to its public services; and yet, it may be, he has mistaken his proper calling. There are many things which might be wanting in such a case. A want of a suitable education would be a serious objection to his immediate entrance into the ministry. In our country, and in our times, there is no necessity which requires a young man to engage in a profession, destitute of an education suitable to the performance of its duties. But there are other considerations to which careful regard ought to be paid, before the youth should

decide to make the ministry his profession. Does he desire this calling, because it is honorable in the sight of the world? If so, he is advised not to engage in it. If the honors of the world allure to this choice, the ministration of Divine truth will never be benefited by his labors, and he himself will be likely to live and wonder why he is so little esteemed. The hour is coming, and now is, when the pure gospel, in its simplicity, shall be the desire and delight of the people, and those who are true to its principles, and faithful in its ministration, will be partakers of that honor which cometh from God only.

Any natural impediment in speaking, which cannot be overcome, is a sufficient objection. Let no one think of entering the ministry, with an expectation of living an easy, idle life; or of moving in fashionable circles, or of living luxuriously. The ministry of the gospel wants no idlers; it cannot endure them; it requires much study, much labor, and constant care, that no part of duty is neglected. If a young man has a strong dislike to study and reading, he had better choose some other calling. The Bible should be

much read and carefully studied; and there are many other books which should be read, to assist the minister of the word. Unless a strong desire to spend much time in fashionable circles can be overcome, and a disposition to be familiar with the poor acquired, there will be an indispensable qualification wanting.

The youth who would enter the ministry should ask himself such questions as the following: Do I understandingly believe in the existence of that God of whom the Scriptures speak? Do I sincerely believe in the inspiration of the prophecies concerning a Messiah? Do I also believe that Jesus, who was crucified, was the true Messiah, and that he did the works which the New Testament inform us he did? Do I believe that the crucified arose from the dead? Do I believe that the benefits of the Christian dispensation were designed by our Creator for the final benefit of all men, and that, in the fulness of times, by the Father appointed, all men will become partakers of such benefit? If, after due consideration, and after using all the necessary means to obtain satisfaction on these ques-

tions, they can be answered in the affirmative, so far as belief is concerned, there seems no objection to the choice he has made of his future calling. But there is this question relative to his choice, which he ought duly to consider: Do I undertake the duties and labors of this profession because I love to perform them, and fully believe I shall enjoy these duties better than those of any other calling? If this question cannot be answered in the affirmative, some business, some labor better liked, should be chosen. It cannot reasonably be supposed that a man will succeed well in a calling which he does not like. It should be the aim of parents and guardians, to find out what employment is best suited to the natural genius of those young men whom God has committed to their care, and to give them all necessary assistance in their power, to follow whatever honest calling best suits them. It is injudicious and unkind to persuade a young man, contrary to his inclination and choice, to engage in any profession or calling. If, for instance, a physician would prefer any other calling than his own, how reluctantly must he attend to all those intricate studies

which are necessary to his success, and to the saving of the lives of his patients! And how painful must it be to him, to be called on at all hours, by day and by night, to attend the sick! Destitute of a love of his calling, it is unreasonable to suppose the professed minister of the gospel will do that justice to his calling which the great variety of its duties requires, or enjoy, as every man should, the business in which he is engaged.

As love is the great and most powerful principle which moves man to action, so it is the only principle on which reliance can safely be placed, that all required duties will be faithfully performed. Unless, therefore, a man is sensible that he loves all the great truths of the gospel of Christ more than all the salary he may obtain for ministerial services, and more than all the honors which people may bestow on him, the ministry is unsafe in his hands. Directed and impelled by this love, small natural abilities, as well as the great, will be found profitable in their several spheres of duty. But as to *great* and *small*, in relation to man's abilities, we are liable

to come to wrong conclusions. All the vast variety of talents given to man are useful and indispensable, and, if properly directed and employed, are useful and estimable. Some preachers may possess what may be called popular talents, and draw, on occasions, large congregations; others may not, in this respect, be equally esteemed; but this difference by no means argues that the former class are the best ministers, or the most useful pastors.

In respect to particular tenets, not included in those great principles of doctrine in which all who believe in those essential truths which distinguish Universalists from other Christian denominations agree, it is reasonable that every one should enjoy his own views, and defend them in his own way, without forfeiting Christian fellowship. At the present time, many preachers seem to be led into speculations with regard to the particulars of man's future state; and, as might naturally be expected, a variety of opinions have been adopted. Some believe that all enter the future state in one and the same condition, as to moral purity; some think that it will require a

process of purgation, to bring what they call the wicked into a state of holiness; some think that there will be, in the future state, different grades as to intellectual and moral improvement, as there are in this mortal life; some are of opinion that those who are here acquainted with each other, such as husbands and wives, such as parents and children, such as brothers and sisters, such as are here friends or enemies, will know each other in the future world as they know them in this. And there are other speculative notions which are contended for, any or all of which may be assented to, without leading to a renunciation of the essential doctrine of Christianity, or of amounting to a just cause of a dissolution of Christian fellowship. As to giving advice to young men in regard to these speculations, it is deemed safe to say, that it must be unprofitable to spend much time or study to frame opinions nowhere intimated in the Scriptures, and the truth of which we have no means of ascertaining. It is well that we avoid any opinions which are used for evil ends. Should any one, by believing his great attainments, while in this

momentary state, are to place him far in advance of millions of others, in the future world, tend to fill his mind with pride and self-conceit, in place of doing him any good, it would deprive him of that meekness and humility which are essential to his present happiness, and cannot fail to lessen his usefulness. Or should any one urge the belief of such an opinion, as an inducement to others to improve in holiness and virtue, should he succeed, he would place that high station in the future world as the object to be gained, in place of holiness and virtue themselves! In order to see this subject in its true light, let it be simplified as follows: True holiness consists in love to God and in love to mankind. Now, if we profess to love thus for the reward of a high station above our fellow-men in the future state, it is evident that it is not love to God nor love to man, but the love of being exalted above other men in the future world, which is the object of our love. Such is the real character of all our pretended obedience, while the expectation of a future reward is our motive. It is reasonable, therefore, that young ministers of the Word of

Life should be cautious not to deceive themselves, or anybody else, on a subject of such vital importance.

It is to be feared that some, who profess Universalism, and are engaged in the ministry, are desirous of rendering their labors acceptable to our brethren of the Unitarian denomination, by adopting such like opinions, and holding them forth in public. By so doing, they seem to indicate that their sympathies are rather with the Unitarians than with those Universalists who preach no other sentiments to their congregations than such as the Scriptures teach.

On the subject which embraces the great field of ministerial study and preaching, some suggestions may be profitable. That great field is the Bible. While ministers profess to believe that the Scriptures contain a Divine revelation, and while they solemnly receive them as their guide in their profession, they ought not to neglect the study of them; they should be read with great care and critical attention. By so reading this most valuable of all books, the minister becomes acquainted with the history of the chosen people,

their laws and customs, and with much of the history of other nations who surrounded them. Also, by such reading, an acquaintance is obtained with the promises which God made to the patriarchs, and with all the prophecies concerning the Jews and other nations, and in particular with the prophecies concerning the Messiah, and his reign on the earth. The New Testament gives an account of the exact fulfilment of all the prophets spake concerning Christ; and gives us a true history of his teachings, his miracles, his precepts, his sufferings, his death, and resurrection. Here, too, we have an account of the travels and labors of the apostles of Jesus, and many epistles written by them, all full of matter from which may be drawn all possible subjects necessary to furnish the preacher with the bread of life, with which he may abundantly feed the people with knowledge and understanding.

The custom which now seems to prevail, of reading a text of Scripture as the subject of a sermon, and then delivering a discourse suitable for a lyceum lecture, having no special reference to the subject of the passage read, has a direct

tendency to set the Scriptures aside, and to so corrupt public taste as to render the inspired Word undesirable. Should this practice so prevail as to become general, it must have the effect of depriving society of the rich instruction derivable from that treasure which is designed to make us wise unto salvation.

We may be asked if no other books are to be read than the Bible? To this question the answer is, any book may be profitably studied, which can assist the preacher to understand the Scriptures, and to learn their true sense. There are many learned annotations, by many authors of different denominations, any of which may doubtless be of service to the young preacher, who, by their assistance, may make himself acquainted with the manners and customs, laws and governments, of different people of which the Scriptures speak. This knowledge is necessary, in order to understand the many figurative portions of Scripture; but let the student put little dependence on the correctness of the application of Scripture, in proof of any doctrine, found in annotations. It is not safe to use annotations

as authority to prove the truth of any doctrine. The best authority by which we may determine the true application of Scripture, is the Scriptures themselves. If we are in doubt as to the meaning of any particular passage, search the Scriptures to find what other passages say on the same subject; and by a careful comparison, the true meaning will appear. Nor would we restrict the young preacher to the Bible, and to annotations on the Bible; if he has not already made himself acquainted with ancient and modern history, and with the history of the church, he should improve all the time he can spare from other duties, to read approved historians. As to other lighter reading, the preacher should be cautious that time is not wasted on that which is of no profit. But we ought not to neglect to make ourselves acquainted with any solid improvement which may favor our own times.

Reformation and general improvement are now loudly called for, by the demands of the age, and it is rebellion against the evident requirements of Divine wisdom, to blindly oppose what the good of our race calls for. But wisdom, which

dwells with prudence, should be allowed to direct all our enterprises; and great caution is necessary, lest we injure a good cause. Jesus said: "Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up!" But he would not allow such premature labor as would waste and destroy the wheat with the tares. The first thing that we should make ourselves sure of, is that we know what manner of spirit we are of, and that the water we are about to use for the purpose of cleansing is not as filthy as is that we would cleanse. Our conservative brother should be treated kindly. There may be a mote in his eye, but the eye is a tender, sensitive member, and a rude, unskilful effort to remove the mote may destroy the sight. By these suggestions, is intended to show the necessity of being guided by a right spirit. This spirit is love, impartial love. One of the reformations which the age now calls for, is the abolition of slavery. Let us take this subject as a sample. Here, then, are the poor, unhappy, wronged slave, and his unfeeling master. Now, if we love the slave and hate the master, what do we more than others, who are no more

partial than ourselves? While we regard the rights of the slave, and pity him, should we feel no pity for the owner of the slave, who, perhaps, has had no agency in becoming the unblest possessor of such forbidden property? That slavery is a sin, in the eye of Christianity, and in the eye of humanity, all must allow; but where it exists it is a legalized sin, and it lies at the door of those who have made the laws. We may, by God's blessing, as ministers of an impartial gospel, do much in communicating that enlightening truth, which, when universally known, will give freedom to all men.

"Take heed to thyself," is an apostolic injunction. Every young minister is advised to have a careful eye on himself. We have no enemies who can inflict on us such deadly wrongs, as those we are in danger of receiving from our own imprudence. "Who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?"

It seems evident, that God has called but few, if any, to labor in the ministry of universal salvation, who are rich in temporal means of a livelihood. Our preachers are, therefore, generally

dependent on the people to whom they minister, for their support, and the support of their families, if they have any. In connection with this fact, another should be considered. The largest part of community who adhere to our faith are the laboring class. From these considerations, it follows, that the minister should live in so prudent a manner as not to be too burdensome to his supporters, nor to involve himself in debts beyond his means of paying. Too often has it happened that, owing to embarrassments, preachers have left their places and societies, owing their best friends, who have labored hard and lived prudently, to save what the imprudent minister has spent and will never pay. To point out all the evils growing out of such facts would require a volume.

Meekness and humility are recommended to young preachers. Without such virtues, little peace or contentment can be enjoyed. The young are too apt to think and to feel that it is due to them to occupy as favorable stations as do those who have labored many years, and encountered hardships which those who now engage in

our ministry will, if they are prudent and faithful, never be called on to endure. "Let patience have its perfect work." The way to gain much is to be faithful in a little; and be assured, that in the little, there is, to say the least, as much real enjoyment, as in ever so much.

The ministry is a spiritual warfare. Therefore, "Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. — Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked."

If the foregoing advice and suggestions shall, by the blessing of God, in any degree promote the cause of truth and righteousness, and be of any service to those for whose good I earnestly pray, for it let God be glorified.

A SERMON,

*Delivered in Bleeker Street Church, New York, at the Session
of the General Convention of Universalists, Sept. 16, 1847.*

"I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God."—ROM. xii. 1, 2.

THE word *therefore*, in the first member of the text, shows that the apostle had reference to what he had said before. And here it is well to suggest a caution which all should regard, not to suppose that the commencement of a chapter is always the beginning of a subject. It is often otherwise. It is often necessary to go back, and to use care that we find where a subject begins, and to follow the connection, and keep the theme of the writer in mind; otherwise we may read to no profit. When the apostle wrote his epistles, he did not divide them into chapters and verses,

but wrote as we write our letters, without such divisions. These divisions were made for the purpose of fixing a concordance to the Scriptures.

The subject on which our author labored in the preceding chapter, and to which he alludes in the first verse of our text, is that of the mercies of God. "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service," &c.

Let us now endeavor to obtain an understanding of the inspired writer's argument respecting the Divine mercy, as manifested in the all-wise economy of God.

This epistle was written to the Christian church at Rome, which was composed of both Jews and Gentiles; and an important object of the writer was to do away that prejudice which existed in the minds of the two people towards each other. We find, therefore, on reading this epistle, that the writer speaks sometimes to his brethren, the Jews; at other times, to Gentile Christians.

In the eleventh chapter, the writer addresses the Gentile Christians in regard to the Jews, who

had rejected Christ and his doctrine ; had stumbled at the stumbling-stone which God laid in Zion, and were broken off through unbelief, and is careful to show them that all this had happened to Israel, according to the appointments of Divine wisdom, for the benefit of the Gentiles. See verse 11. "I say, then, have they stumbled that they should fall ? God forbid ; but rather through their fall salvation is come unto the Gentiles, to provoke them to jealousy." Here the apostle is careful to guard the Gentile Christians against supposing that the blindness and unbelief of Israel were designed for their final exclusion from Divine favor. See what follows. "Now, if the fall of them be the riches of the world, and the diminishing of them the riches of the Gentiles ; how much more their fulness ? For I speak to you, Gentiles, inasmuch as I am the apostle of the Gentiles, I magnify mine office ; if by any means I may provoke to emulation them which are my flesh, and might save some of them. For if the casting away of them be the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be but life from the dead ?"

As wrong views of the Divine favor are generally attended with pernicious effects on the human heart, causing it to be puffed up with pride, the apostle is careful to put his Christian brethren on their guard. See verse 25 and on. "For I would not, brethren, that ye should be ignorant of this mystery, (lest ye should be wise in your own conceit,) that blindness in part is happened to Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in. And so all Israel shall be saved; as it is written, There shall come out of Zion the deliverer, and shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob. For this is my covenant unto them when I shall take away their sins. As concerning the gospel, they are enemies for your sakes; but as touching the election, they are beloved for the fathers' sake. For the gifts and calling of God are without repentance. For as ye in times past have not believed God, yet have now obtained mercy through their unbelief; even so have these also now not believed, that through your mercy they also may obtain mercy. For God hath concluded them all in unbelief, that he might have mercy upon all." Having brought this immensely im-

portant and glorious subject to a close, and feeling his soul elated with views of Divine mercy so vast and wonderful, he exclaimed, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! For who hath known the mind of the Lord, or who hath been his counsellor? Or who hath first given unto him, and it shall be recompensed unto him again? For of him, and through him, and to him, are all things; to whom be glory forever, amen." The next words are those of our text: "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God."

Let it be kept in mind that the apostle presents the mercies of God, which effectually embrace the fulness of both Jews and Gentiles, as the foundation of all the Christian duty which he enjoins on believers in Jesus. By this we see that the

mercy of God is not obtained by our obedience ; but our obedience is the natural fruit of the Divine mercy. And this is clearly expressed by the apostle to the Ephesians, thus : “ But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ. . . . For by grace are ye saved through faith ; and that not of yourselves ; it is the gift of God ; not of works, lest any man should boast. For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them.”

We will not proceed to enforce the duties enjoined in our text, until an important query, which is now undoubtedly agitating many minds in this assembly be duly solved. The question is, Of what benefit was the unbelief of the Jews to the Gentiles ? Or how was it that the Gentiles obtained mercy through the unbelief of the Jews ? In order the more easily to throw the light of this subject into the mind of the hearer, we will suppose that the Jews, as a people, with their rulers, and the whole estate of their elders, had received

Jesus as their expected Messiah ; had all repented of their sins, and believed the doctrine he taught ; what would they have done more ? Or how would they have treated the Son of God ? They would have pressed him to their bosoms ; they would have carried him in state and splendor from synagogue to synagogue ; they would have called on all the people of the land to hear the Divine Teacher ; and a glorious reformation would have been effected in the land. How your hearts now swell with delight at such a scene ! And how deeply do you regret that no such things took place ! But suppose these things had happened, would the prophecies of the Old Testament have been fulfilled ? Would what Isaiah says, in his 53d chapter, all have taken place ? Would Jesus have been despised and rejected of men, — a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief ? Would he have been wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities ? Would the chastisement of our peace have been upon him ? And should we have been healed with his stripes ? Would he have been oppressed and afflicted ? Would he have been brought as a lamb to the

slaughter? It is seen at once, that, had not the Jews, as a people, been blinded as to the true character of Jesus, they would not have persecuted and put him to death, as was foretold by the prophets. How, then, could the gospel have been established in the world, founded on the fact of the death and resurrection of Jesus, according to the testimony of the prophets? If those prophecies had not been fulfilled, and the disciples of Jesus had attempted to preach him among the Gentiles as the Messiah promised to the house of Israel, the Gentiles could have refuted them out of the prophets. But with what irresistible force of argument did the disciples proclaim the gospel to the Gentiles, founded on the entire fulfilment of all which the prophets have said! The discourse which Paul delivered in the synagogue of the Jews at Antioch, in Pisidia, had a much more favorable effect on the Gentiles than on the Jews. In that discourse, the apostle holds the following language: "Men and brethren, children of the stock of Abraham, and whosoever among you feareth God, to you is the word of this salvation sent. For they that dwell at Jerusalem, and

their rulers, because they knew him not, nor yet the voices of the prophets which are read every Sabbath day, they have fulfilled them in condemning him. And though they found no cause of death in him, yet desired they Pilate that he should be slain. And when they had fulfilled all that was written of him, they took him down from the tree, and laid him in a sepulchre. But God raised him from the dead. And he was seen many days of them which came up with him from Galilee to Jerusalem, who are his witnesses unto the people. And we declare unto you glad tidings, how that the promise which was made unto the fathers, God hath fulfilled the same unto us their children, in that he hath raised up Jesus again." Such a powerful appeal carried conviction to the minds of the Gentiles, who desired to hear the apostle the next Sabbath. Our subject is now clear; and we see that the blindness and unbelief of the Jews were the means of carrying the gospel to the Gentiles, which explains the sense and propriety of the Saviour's address to his Father, where he said, "I thank, thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because

thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight." Well did Jesus know the consequence to himself of the blindness of the Jews, and yet he thanked his Father for it!

I have often thought with wonder, that our Christian doctors should think and speak so much in commendation of the sufferings of Jesus, and prize those sufferings so highly as they do, and yet are confident that those who inflicted those sufferings were therefore justly rejected from that mercy of God, which they believe they enjoy, which comes to them through those sufferings! However, we have seen that God concluded both Jew and Gentile; all in unbelief, that he might have mercy upon all.

If it be objected to the arguments to which we have attended, that we make out that the wicked conduct of the Jews was so overruled by the divine wisdom and mercy of God, that it resulted in their benefit, so far from denying the justice of the inference, we contend for the principle it embraces, and for its righteousness. No one,

acquainted with the Scriptures, will deny that God overruled the wicked conduct of Joseph's brethren for their good. Now this a righteous God would not have done, if it had not been right; and if it was right to do so in one case, it is right in all cases. This theory will justify itself in a practical trial. My friend, you have an enemy who wishes to do you harm, and wrongs you in various instances. Now what is your duty in this case? In the first place, it is your duty to love your enemy. You have a right, if you can, so to manage as not only to render your enemy's wrongs to you harmless, but beneficial. And it is right, also, to go still further, and so manage as to render your enemy's wrongs beneficial to himself. This is overcoming evil with good; and this principle is the very foundation and essence of the gospel, and of all true religion. This is the pure wisdom of God, and all which comes short of it, or opposes it, has no higher origin than the wisdom of this world, which cometh to nought.

Let us now proceed to enforce the duty enjoined in our text, on the broad foundation of the mercies

of God, and the reasonableness of offering our bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God. In support of the reasonableness of this service, two arguments may suffice. Let us, for a moment, contemplate ourselves, — our physical organization. How “fearfully and wonderfully we are made !” God is the author of every part and faculty belonging to our bodies. We had no hand in this work. We possess not a single member of our frames because we asked for it, or desired it. All our senses are the free gifts of our Creator ; and are all organs of pleasure and enjoyment. Consider, for example, the eye. The gift, how precious ! All the wealth of the world could not tempt us to part with it. Its utility should be appreciated with gratitude to its author. Who can estimate the value of that faculty by which we behold the beauties of nature, and see the faces of those we love ? Consider the ear. It would require a volume to describe its worth, its utility, and the enjoyments it affords. May I speak of the tongue and the faculty of speech ? Can we think a moment of this blessed gift without adoring the author of it ? How

weighty is the admonition never to use this faculty to dishonor the giver ! Were all to regard this subject as they ought, our ears would never be offended with words of profanity, nor would the tongue ever be employed to defame, or injuriously to deceive. If we duly realize that God is our Creator, and that we owe ourselves wholly to him, the reasonableness of the apostle's injunction is apparent. But this reasonableness appears evident from the fact, that all the requirements of our heavenly Father, all the duties he has enjoined on us, are designed for our good and for our benefit alone. For himself, he needs not our service. He is infinitely independent. Does he command us to love him with all our heart ? It is because that in so doing we love everything that is capable of affording us enjoyment. Does he command us to love one another as we love ourselves ? It is because we cannot enjoy ourselves, nor our fellow-creatures, without this love. Just as deeply as we are interested in our own happiness, we are interested in keeping the commandments of God. In this correct view of the Divine requirements, we plainly discover the

reasonableness of the service enjoined in our text. And here, too, we have a clear understanding of the doctrine of Divine government in regard to rewards and punishments. Any compliance with moral duty brings a corresponding recompense of enjoyment; any departure from moral duty is a corresponding discount on our happiness. This perfect law of our moral nature is so duly administered, that no evasion can possibly be effected. For obedience, will any one ask for something better? Will he say that something more is due? Will he inform us what that something more and better is? Is there anything in the universe better than love to God and love to mankind? The psalmist gives us a correct statement of our subject in the 19th Psalm. "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes; the fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever; the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much

fine gold; sweeter also than honey, and the honeycomb. Moreover, by them is thy servant warned; and in keeping of them there is great reward."

"And be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind." By this member of our text, we are reminded of the apostle's fears that the customs of the people of the age in which he lived would exert an influence to draw the minds and hearts of his Christian brethren into conformity with them. And who can wonder at his apprehensions? The Jewish rites and ceremonies, their habits and prejudices, on the one hand, and those of the Gentiles, on the other, were so imposing, so very popular with the great body of the people, that it required little less than a perpetual miracle to preserve pure Christianity from a total contamination of their corrupt principles and practices. How natural was it for Jewish Christians to desire to make their religion acceptable to the Jews, and thereby avoid the contumely heaped upon them by those with whom they were so nearly connected! Surely, the danger was not

small. Nor was this danger less with Gentile Christians. The idolatry in which they had been educated, and to which their fathers and mothers, their brothers and sisters, had been devoted, and still were devoted, was of an imposing character. It was expensive and splendid, and well adapted to gratify human pride and human passions. Who can wonder at the apostle's fear, as expressed to his brethren at Corinth? "For I am jealous over you, with godly jealousy; for I have espoused you to one husband, that I might present you as a chaste virgin to Christ. But I fear, lest by any means, as the serpent beguiled Eve through his subtilty, so your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ." In the Jewish rituals and traditions, and in the superstitious devotions and abominable rites of the Gentiles, there was nothing wanting to cherish the pride, the vanity, and illicit desires of a blind multitude. All that wealth and learning could do to impose on the common people, and keep them in ignorance and awe, was exerted with a vigilance peculiar to a hierarchy. In the high places filled by those priests, was lodged

that spiritual wickedness of which the apostle speaks in his epistles to the Ephesians. "Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

With all the pomp, with all the glory, with all the wealth, and all the learning of the schools among both Jews and Gentiles, let us, for a moment, compare the simplicity that was in Christ. Born in a family which was supported by mechanical labor; brought up in laborious habits; destitute of wealth and the honors of the schools, he commenced his public labors. To assist him in the ministry of his doctrine, a few fishermen, and others of useful occupations, were chosen. The doctrine which Jesus taught was as simple and easy to understand as the common affairs of life. His sermon on the mount, containing the sublimest beatitudes and all the duties of life, requires but ordinary talents to understand. His manner of teaching by the use of parables communicated truth in

the most simple manner. When he justified his favor to publicans and sinners, of which he was accused by the Pharisees and Scribes, how simple was his method ! “What man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it ? and when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulder, rejoicing. And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me ; for I have found my sheep which was lost.” And how sublimely simple, if I may so say, was his application of his parable ! “I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance.” On foot, see him travel from city to city. Fatigued and weary of his journey, see him resting himself by Jacob’s well at Sichar ; and mark the simplicity of his conversation with the woman of Samaria. To set his disciples an example of humility, behold him who gave sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, healing to the sick, sound-

ness to the maimed, and life to the dead, gird himself with a towel and wash their feet.

How poorly has the simplicity which is in Christ been maintained by the Christian church! Read its history, in which we learn its conformity to such worldly institutions and customs as are pleasing to human ambition, and all the vain pride and corruption which characterized pagan idolatry. That subtilty with which the serpent beguiled Eve is constantly at work, persuading us to seek to render religion popular in the eyes of the world. That spiritual wickedness may be maintained in high places, high places must be established and supported. So deeply is the love of popular esteem rooted in the heart, that, it is to be feared, many are inclined to concede to opinions and customs inconsistent with their better judgment, for the sake of that shining phantom.

The renewal of mind of which our text speaks, which raises the soul above the deceitful charms of that honor which men receive one of another, and directs its desires towards the honor which cometh from God only, will enable the disciple

of Jesus to renounce everything contrary to "that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God," and to make proof of that will by gaining a correct knowledge of it, and by a practical conformity of heart and life to its divine principles.

Of all subjects embraced in the science of theology, no one can take precedence of the Divine will. This will must embrace the ultimate result of the Divine economy, as revealed in the gospel of man's salvation. This will is specifically set forth in the apostle's argument, which we have noticed while treating on the mercies of God. Had we time, it would be a most edifying labor to trace the Scripture declarations concerning this subject, commencing with the promises of God to the fathers, and following their corroborations through all the declarations of the prophets. But we must only add to what has already been said, several passages in the epistles of St. Paul. To the Ephesians he says: "Wherein he hath abounded towards us in all wisdom and prudence; having made known unto us the mystery of his will, according to his good pleasure, which he hath purposed in himself;

that in the dispensation of the fulness of times, he might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth, even in him; in whom also we have obtained an inheritance, being predestinated according to the purpose of him who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will." In this form of expressing the *will* of God, we discover the three characteristics of the Divine will which are named in our text: *good*, *acceptable*, and *perfect*. The apostle says that this will is according to God's *good* pleasure. Good, indeed! What better will could even God himself have revealed? All Jews and all Gentiles gathered together in one, even in Christ? Surely, this is superlatively good. That this will, when put in execution, will be entirely acceptable to the millions who shall be thus gathered together in one, even in Christ, there is no room to doubt. There will be no murmuring, no complaining, no envying one another, nor contention about different merits and unequal attainments; all will be one in Christ. The perfection of a will consists in its validity. If it be drawn according to law, and

is just and right in all its parts, so that it cannot be broken or set aside, it is perfect. Now the apostle, after stating what God's will is, informs us that he "worketh all things after the counsel of his own will."

To Timothy the apostle makes a declaration of the will of God, in such a guarded manner as to make it perfectly clear and easy of understanding. "I exhort, therefore, that first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men ; for kings, and for all that are in authority ; that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty. For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour ; who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto a knowledge of the truth. For there is one God and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus ; who gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time." To evade the plain sense of this passage has been attempted by theological lawyers and critics, often in vain. There it stands in the Divine word, and there it must stand until every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall

confess that Jesus is Lord to the glory of God the Father.

Let us conclude with our text. "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world ; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God."

7*

A SERMON,

Preached before the Massachusetts Convention of Universalists, at its session in Salem, June 6, 1849.

[REPORTED BY REV. THOMAS WHITTEMORE.]

“And in this mountain shall the Lord of Hosts make unto all people a feast of fat things.”—Isaiah xxv. 6.

I SHALL not, my brethren, make an apology for appearing before you. It occurred to me that I ought to do so; but then the thought immediately suggested itself, that my apology, perhaps, would itself require an apology; and, therefore, I shall leave each individual of the congregation to frame such an apology for me as he may think proper. I shall proceed immediately to consider the important doctrine of the text. And,

1st. What is meant by “this mountain?” This is the question for consideration. If we look into the second chapter of Isaiah, we shall find that he speaks of this mountain in the following terms: “And it shall come to pass in the

last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it." (Verse 2.) Now you will please to observe the agreement between our text and the passage just recited. The text says, that in this mountain the Lord of hosts shall make a feast for *all people*; and in the passage before us, we are told that *all nations* shall flow unto it. Now, my friendly hearers, I wish you to fix your minds on the words *all people*. It would have been just as easy, that is, if God had directed it, for the prophet to have said *some people* as to have said *all people*. He might have said, "In this mountain shall the Lord of hosts make unto *some people* a feast of fat things." He might have said, "The mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and *some nations* shall flow unto it." But the prophet says, all,—all people, all nations. Does not this text, my hearers, furnish a pretty good pretext for preaching a sermon on the gospel of Universalism? In the next place, I shall call the attention of my hearers to the

description of this mountain, which is found in Heb. xii. 18-24 : " For ye are not come unto the mount that might be touched, and that burned with fire, nor unto blackness, and darkness, and tempest, and the sound of a trumpet, and the voice of words ; which voice they that heard, entreated that the word should not be spoken to them any more : (for they could not endure that which was commanded, and if so much as a beast touch the mountain, it shall be stoned, or thrust through with a dart ; and so terrible was the sight, that Moses said, I exceedingly fear and quake :) but ye are come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel." This mountain that might not be touched was Sinai, from which the law was given under circumstances of solemn grandeur. The people

were afraid. But the Christian Hebrews had not come to that mountain, but they had come to Mount Zion. And what was Mount Zion? It was the city of the living God; it was the heavenly Jerusalem; where the Hebrew Christians mingled with the general assembly and church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven. They had entered into the society of God's faithful servants. The Revelator said: "And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God." (xxi. 10.) Now hear his description of the New Jerusalem. "And I, John, saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any

more pain ; for the former things are passed away." (2-4.) Now, my hearers, this mountain, in all the cases in which it is mentioned, is the same as mentioned by Daniel the prophet. He saw a stone cut out of the mountain without hands, which, we are told, became a great mountain and filled the whole earth. Now, this was explained to the prophet to be the kingdom set up by the God of heaven, which shall never be destroyed ; "and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand forever." Dan. ii. 44. This mountain, then, we see, signifies the kingdom of Christ, the gospel covenant. There are many honest divines who are misled in regard to this New Jerusalem ; they think it is something that appertains not to this world ; it cannot be found here ; they think it is in the future state. But, my hearers, you should not forget that it came down from heaven to earth, — yes, *came down from heaven*, and John saw it descend, in his vision. God was in that New Jerusalem when it descended, and came down with it, in order that he might dwell with

men *on the earth*. And hark ! Hear those who walk in the light of it, singing the praise of the Redeemer, and saying, "For thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation ; and hast made us unto our God kings and priests ; and we shall *reign on the earth*." Rev. v. 9, 10. This mountain, then, this New Jerusalem, has respect to something in this earth ; it is the kingdom which Christ set up in this world.

But here it may be asked, does not the speaker believe in the future immortal state ? Yes, my friends, I do believe, and I rejoice in the belief, in life and immortality beyond the grave. And I believe that this life and immortality are brought to light by the gospel. *Brought to light*, observe, not created through the gospel. We all believe this — it is one of the principal glories of our faith.

Now, we will proceed to another subject. I wish to ask you this very important question : Is there anything unreasonable in supposing, if God were going to make a feast at all, that he

would make it for *all people*? Think of this. After all the preaching you have heard, after all the defences of orthodoxy, is there anything unreasonable in supposing, if God our heavenly Father were going to make a feast, that he would make it for all people? Now, let us vary the question a little. If God, our universal Father, were going to make a feast for mankind, is it not very *unreasonable* to suppose that he would make it only for a part? Is there a parent — one who is worthy to bear that precious name — who, if he were going to make a feast for his children, would not, if possible, make a feast for all of them? If he had twelve children, would he make a feast for four, and reject the eight? What would you think of him? Thank God, there is no such man! But suppose a man should do so, what would you think of him? And then suppose he should tell you that he was seeking the good of his whole family, — that he was seriously and earnestly seeking the greatest good of the whole family, — and should try to make it so appear to you, — should use glosses, and subterfuges, and prevarications, in order to

make you believe that he was really seeking the greatest good of the greatest number, what would you say to him ?

Now, look at the effect of this conduct, and these instructions, on the minds of the children. You go to the four who are selected to enjoy the feast, and you say to them, "Are not your brothers and sisters coming to the table?" They answer you, "No." "Well," you inquire, "are you not glad?" They say, "No,—we want them to come; our spirit yearns to have them come. We have prayed earnestly to our father to permit them to come; but, in his inscrutable wisdom, he judges that it is not wise that it shall be so." "But," you ask, "how does this appear to you? Does it not give you great pain?" They reply, "Yes, with our present wisdom and our present sympathies, it seems very dark, and gives us great pain; but our father teaches us that we shall be more enlightened by and by, and that our feelings will be changed; we shall become more reconciled to his will, and then we shall be satisfied." Such is the pretence. Now, do you not see, my hearers, that this amounts to

just nothing ; that it is no justification of the father's conduct ? But it amounts to just as much as all the arguments that are used to defend partialism.

But now we will look at this matter in another point of view. Suppose the parent is actually unable to provide a full feast for all his children. This cannot, indeed, be true of the Almighty. But we will suppose that the parent were actually unable to provide a feast for all. What would he do then ? Would he not, if he were wise and impartial, divide the little among the whole ? and let it go as far as it would to satisfy the wants of all ? But is God deficient in means, my hearers ? O no ; we all know he is not. Then if he does not provide for all, it must be because he has not *the will* to do so. Yes, that is the true reason,—the want of a will. Hark ! there comes across the mighty deep a cry from Ireland—many are suffering and dying for the want of food. We sit down to our tables to eat, and we think of the famishing thousands in Ireland. How were the vessels loaded with provisions, to feed the hungry ! Well, we will suppose the vessels have

arrived there; and now we will ask, what shall be done with this food? It is evident there is not half enough to supply the whole. But it is ascertained that by a certain modification it will supply the wants of *all*. Now, what shall we do? Shall we make that modification, and thus supply the wants of all? or shall we refuse to do it, and then invent the best apology for not doing it? "O," you say, "feed all, feed all." Let it do all the good it can, just as this sun does which is shining down upon us to-day. He does all the good he can. He shines freely on all. He is not afraid that he shall happen to shine on some poor miserable sinner. No, he shines on all; for God "maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good; and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

As there is no lack of means in God,—as it is no more expensive to him to make a feast for all than for some,—that is enough; it seems to settle the question.

But we hear much said, by divines, about the provisions which God has made; we are told God has made the most liberal provisions for all.

In saying this, the clergy think they are liberal, very liberal. But then you will remember, that they have a plan in reserve, a contrivance in secret, that all shall not partake of the provisions. This is a part of the creed; it ends just as it would if the feast had been made only for a part. It is the same in the end, — it is PARTIALITY. If I was seeking to get your property away from you unjustly, it would not make much difference by what rule of arithmetic I did it. It might be done by one rule, or another; but if the quotient came out so that I should get your property, it would be precisely the same thing in the end, — would it not? It would make no difference by what rule of arithmetic I came to it.

Having given attention to these important matters, I now wish to call your attention to the fact that God represents his truth by provisions, by something to eat and drink. The metaphor is constantly occurring in the Scriptures. “Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.” Isaiah lv. 1. So

you heard in the discourse to which you listened yesterday the divine command, "Feed my lambs." The prophet says, "With joy shall you draw water out of the wells of salvation." On the great day of the Jewish feast, Jesus stood and cried, "If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink." "The bread of God is he that came down from heaven to give life to the world." Now, my brethren, what is this bread?—this wine?—this water?—this milk? They represent the gospel; the gospel is represented by something nutritious, by something to eat and to drink. Remember this; it will drive away a dark cloud of error from your mind. It will dispel the delusion, that there is to be, somewhere, or sometime, in eternity, a reward for us for doing our duty here. It is a pernicious error. Let us reason together. If it should happen there is no such reward, what would you do with your duty? Some say, if there is no reward in eternity, they would not do their duty. But what a spirit is this! They would not do *their duty*, if it were not for the hope of an extraneous reward! Here, let me inquire, what is the com-

fort of the gospel? What is the essence of the bread, the water, the wine, the milk? Well, my hearers, it is nothing more or less than this,—it is *obedience*,—nothing else. It is obedience alone. Is that all? Rather a dry morsel, some might say. But dry as it is, you can't have anything else. If you do not have true obedience, there can be no reward; and if you have true obedience, it will of itself be the richest reward you can possess. It is life, and health, and plenty, and peace.

This will appear the more evident, if we consider what our duty consists in. What is our duty? O look at the first and great commandment of all. We are now coming to the provisions we have been speaking of. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. This is the first and great commandment; and the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." *All* the law and the prophets. Mark the language. This is the whole feast—

the only provision which God has made for the life of the soul. This is life, and the lack of it is death.

And yet some ask, what are we to have for loving God? We will not love God without a reward. If there be no reward in eternity, for loving God here on earth, we will not love him; we will revel in sin; for the great reason why we ought to do good is to escape eternal damnation. Is there no reward hereafter for loving God? Then we will not love him. This is the way the objector sometimes talks. But now, let us see this hypocrite before God. He asks his God to reward him for loving him; and he states that he would not have loved God if it had not been for the expectation of the eternal reward. Now, my hearers, do you not see, after all, that it is not God that this hypocrite loved? Do you not see that it is the reward which he loved, and which he sought? and that in reality he did not love God at all? See the child before his father. Does the child expect any reward for loving his father? No. What if the child should inquire, "Father, what will you give me, if I will love

you?" Would you not see that the child did not love his parent at all, but that it was the reward which it sought after?

My hearers, did you ever see anything you really loved, when you expected or desired any reward for loving it, except to possess the thing itself? You never ask for anything else; and it is well you do not, for there is no other true reward that you can have. The second commandment is, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." What reward do you wish for this, except the obedience? Look at a community in which each member actually loved his neighbor as he loved himself. O happy, heavenly people! Now what reward shall they have therefor? Nothing but the good itself. It is obedience to the divine command which is their happiness; it is obedience which is their reward.

As I speak without writing, and have not notes before me, I am liable to extend my discourse to too great a length. But there are a few points remaining to be spoken of. We have spoken of the metaphor of eating and drinking; and, my friendly hearers, I desire to ask you what reward

you ever expect to have for eating and drinking? Hear what David says in the 19th Psalm: "The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes. The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever; the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb." (Verse 8-10.) This shows you how men are to be rewarded for obeying God's commands. There is no extraneous reward. The commandments of God are *sweeter than the honeycomb*. What reward do you expect for eating the honey, dripping from the comb? — What can you have that is sweeter than the thing itself? And observe again, the Psalmist says, "*In keeping*, [mark the words] *in keeping* of them is great reward." The reward is in the deed. The reward is the obedience itself.

But the objector will now ask, "Ah! what if man will not eat? What will be done then? If they do not all eat, what will you say?" I'll tell you. If they do not all eat, they won't enjoy

the benefits flowing therefrom. But will not the gospel feast attract them? I quoted you a text from the prophet on this wise, — “and all nations shall flow unto it.” There is a powerful attraction in the gospel. The people are drawn to it. A thirsty man is drawn to pure waters that he may drink; so shall the nations flow to the gospel. The objector has not so much confidence in men as he has in the brutes. If you have a living spring in your pasture lands, you have no fear that your beasts will die of thirst. You do not appoint some person to watch them, and drive them to the waters, lest they fail to go. You do not think it needful to whip them in order to make them go and drink. Is it needful, then, to drive men to the gospel fountain? No; for “all nations shall flow unto it.”

And now, let me ask, where is this feast? — where is this fountain? You need not go far to find it, my friendly hearers. It is not afar off. You need not ascend unto heaven, to bring it down from above; you need not descend into the deep, to bring it up from beneath; for the word is nigh thee, even in thy heart and in thy mouth;

that is, the word of faith which we preach. Yes, my hearers, it is in your heart already, if you will but obey it. There is something in our nature which is drawn by it. Jesus took the child, and set it in the midst of his disciples, and bade them be like it. There is something in the human soul that pants after God. It longs for the truth, as for living water. And what did the Redeemer say, — “It shall be within you a well of water, springing up into everlasting life.”

But I will draw to a close. I say, then, that in due time, in God’s way, all will be brought to love him and to serve him, and consequently all will be happy. This is heaven — this always will be heaven. We do not believe in any other heaven besides this.

Having shown you what the mountain is, and where is its location, and what are the provisions, and what is the extent of them, I submit the subject, hoping none of you will ever expect a better heaven than you will find in keeping the commandments of God.

THE DOCTRINE OF UNIVERSAL SALVATION

SHOWN TO BE INCLUDED IN THE DIVINE COMMANDS,
AND EXPRESSED BY THEM.

No opinion, unfriendly to Universalism, has been more generally entertained, or exerted a more unfavorable influence to the prejudice of the spread of the doctrine, than the belief that its natural tendency is unfavorable to the interest of true piety and obedience to the commandments of God. Among the causes of the existence of this opinion, we may here notice two.

1st. Those who entertained the opinion were entirely ignorant of the nature of the salvation embraced in the doctrine. All the salvation they had in their minds, was to be saved from going to the hell, in the future state, in which they had been taught to believe. 2d. They appear to have been equally in the dark respecting the nature of

that influence by which men are enabled to obey the divine commands. The fear of hell torments was relied on to lead sinners to repentance, and to the use of those means whereby they might escape what they were taught so much to dread. Under these circumstances, the mere report of a doctrine which disallows the endless torments for any of the human family, in which the people believed, filled them with surprise, as it removed the very influence on which dependence was placed to carry on the work of salvation. The opinion, which has been here noticed, does not now prevail in community as it formerly did; nor is it now so much in use against Universalism as it was a few years since; and it is here introduced merely for the introduction of what shall follow, and to show, in times to come, what ignorance divine truth has had to contend with.

If success should attend our effort to show that the doctrine of universal salvation is included in the divine commands, and expressed by them, it will enable the reader to make a comparison between the opinion above noted, and the real truth and nature of the doctrine to which that

opinion was opposed, greatly to the advantage of the doctrine.

In executing this endeavor, we will begin with what Jesus called the first and great commandment, recorded Deut. vi. 4, 5: "Hear, O Israel; the Lord our God is one Lord. And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might." Compare this with Matt. xxii. 27-40: "Jesus saith unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." With this second commandment, as by Jesus expressed, compare Lev. xix. 18: "Thou shalt not avenge nor bear any grudge against the children of thy people; but thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself; I am the Lord." Let us now carefully examine this first and great command, to ascertain whether it includes universal salvation. Two questions must here be answered. 1st. Is this first and great command

binding on all men? . And, 2d. Does loving God with all the heart, &c., constitute the salvation of which the Scriptures speak? It is deemed useless to argue to prove that the command is universally binding, as no one can doubt it. But will all allow that loving God with all the heart includes our salvation? If this be allowed, our undertaking is accomplished, as the reader must clearly see. If the divine command is salvation, and if it is universally binding, then is universal salvation included in the command, and expressed by it. Those who are in the habit of believing that God requires us to love him as a condition on which he will release us from the awful doom of endless woe, may not, at first thought, understand our subject as we could wish. With such we must reason. It seems to them that if they are not to be released from the doom which they dread, and rewarded with everlasting bliss hereafter, for loving God and keeping his commands in this world, they have no inducement to do these things. But if they will be candid with themselves and with their God, they must see that they have deceived themselves. Suppose

their bargain should succeed, and they should really suppose that their love of God was genuine, and God should ask them why they loved him, and they should honestly answer, — We loved you for our release from hell, and for the endless bliss of heaven. Could all this take place, and these deceived hypocrites not see nor understand that it was not God that they loved, but the reward for which they pretended to do it? If this query does not effectually open their eyes, we will propose another. If loving God with all the heart, and loving our fellow-creatures as we love ourselves, do not constitute that bliss which salvation implies, in what does this bliss consist? This question must be answered, or the bliss of obeying the commandments of God be allowed to constitute salvation. The fact is, the doctors of the church have committed the egregious and pernicious error of supposing that what really constitutes salvation is only the condition on which it is bestowed. Thus, obedience to all the divine requirements, which constitutes what the Scriptures mean by righteousness, is not salvation, but creature labor, which is to be rewarded in the

future world by being admitted into what is called heaven, in room of being doomed to hell. Suppose this were the case, may we not ask the question, whether the blessed in heaven are released from obeying the commandments of God, or whether they will earn as much by obedience in the eternal world as they did in this? In this world they would have had no inducement to obedience had there been no hell hereafter to shun, and no heaven to obtain thereby. What inducement can they have in heaven to continue in obedience?

Hoping that the foregoing reasoning is sufficient to show that obedience to the divine commands constitutes what the Scriptures mean by salvation, let us proceed to notice the language of Scripture in agreement with the subject. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." "I am not come to call the righteous but sinners to repentance." Repentance has been erroneously held as a condition of salvation, while, in fact, it is salvation itself; for by repentance we are saved from sin, which is all the salvation we need. "But I say unto you, love your

enemies, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you." "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them; for this is the law and the prophets." Obedience to these divine precepts is the righteousness which God requires of all mankind, and constitutes that salvation of which the apostle thus speaks:—"This is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour; who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth. For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus; who gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time." "Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity; and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it; that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word; that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy, and without blemish." Such declarations show most

plainly the nature of salvation, and that it consists in obedience to the divine commands.

The commandments of our heavenly Father are represented by that which is good for food, and desirable to the taste. See in the nineteenth Psalm : "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul ; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart ; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes. The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever ; the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold ; sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb. Moreover, by them is thy servant warned, and in keeping of them is great reward." If the law of the Lord, and its commandments, statutes, and judgments, do all for us which is set forth in the above passage, most surely it requires and accomplishes all the salvation which mankind need. All the duties required by this law of our heavenly Father are here represented to be sweeter than honey, or the honeycomb. Hear the language

of the prophet : "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money ; come ye, buy and eat ; yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not ? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness." Hear also the words of the divine Master : "In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried : If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." "Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

As it has been made sufficiently clear, that obedience to the divine commands constitutes what the Scriptures mean by salvation, and that the joys of salvation are in the keeping of the divine commands, there is a manifest absurdity in supposing that any extraneous reward is to be expected for obedience. The absurdity is the same as would appear if a thirsty person should demand a compensation for drinking what is desirable to his taste, and which quenches his

thirst; or as if an hungry man should refuse to eat food which he needs for nourishment, and which is perfectly suited to his appetite, unless he is sure of some compensation for the duty of eating!

Will it be said, that all which has been argued may be allowed, without establishing the doctrine of universal salvation, because it is not certain that all men will ever be brought to obey the divine commands? To this we reply:—"The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes," &c. Can all this be done, and the subject of this law not saved from sin? It does not appear to be possible. If this law is equally binding on all men, we have good reason to believe that what it works for any it will in God's due time effect for all.

There is one momentous truth clearly established by the first and great command, on which we rely for the accomplishment of universal

obedience. It is granted that our heavenly Father does, in righteousness, command all men to love him with all the heart, which we have shown to comprehend universal salvation. Let us then ask the plain, simple question : — Does our heavenly Father love his offspring as entirely, as perfectly, as he requires them to love him ? — If he does, if he ever brings any to love him, he will bring all thus to love him. That God loves all whom he commands to love him, and loves them as perfectly as he requires them to love him, is even self-evident. If God did not love his offspring, it would be as unreasonable as it would be arbitrary for him to command them to love him. An apostle says, “We love him, because he first loved us.” Again, — “He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love.”

It is that love of God to mankind, which was commended unto us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us, on which we depend for the accomplishment of the reconciliation of all things unto himself.

Without special regard to the question about man’s free will, and God’s decrees, we may take

it for granted, that what the Scriptures plainly assert may be safely believed. We therefore feel confident that the divine agency extends to the overruling of the hearts of men, as we are informed by the prophet Jeremiah. See chapter xxxi. 33, 34: "But this shall be the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel; after those days, saith the Lord, I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people. And they shall teach no more every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord; for all shall know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord; for I will forgive their iniquity, and will remember their sin no more."

The assurance which the foregoing considerations are calculated to afford gives no small consolation and comfort, while encountering the sorrows and afflictions which are occasioned by sin and unbelief. Hope looks for the fulfilment of the divine requirements in all on whom they are binding. Then will the whole family of man be filled with love to God and each other; and

all hatred, and strife, forever done away. Every wanderer from the fold of the Great Shepherd shall return; and when the last shall be brought in, there will be joy in heaven, unspeakable and full of glory.

REMARKS OFFERED

AT A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE, WHERE MANY MINISTERS
WERE PRESENT

It has been often asserted, and no doubt by many believed, that faith in Universalism would do to live by, but not to die by. Without attempting to analyze this trite objection to the blessed faith we profess to believe, we shall offer some suggestions in favor of the opinion, that a belief or a view of a desired fact, by inspiring the heart with unwonted joy, enables one not only to meet death without fear, but even to bid it welcome.

These suggestions will be founded on facts which are substantiated by undisputed authority. The first event to which your attention is invited is the meeting of the patriarch Jacob with his

dearly beloved but long lost Joseph. About twenty-three years had passed, after the bloody coat of his son caused him to believe that Joseph had been torn in pieces by some wild beast, and by that beast devoured, when his other sons brought him the unexpected intelligence that he was not only alive, but was lord of all Egypt! Such was the improbability of this report, in Jacob's mind, his heart fainted, for he believed them not. But when he raised his eyes, and looked out, and saw the wagons which Joseph had sent to carry him to Egypt, he believed, and his spirit revived. And he said, It is enough; Joseph, my son, is yet alive; I will go and see him before I die." Now contemplate the aged patriarch, with his sons and their families, on their journey to Goshen in Egypt, where Joseph, in his chariot, meets them, and presents himself to his father. The scene is tender and affecting beyond description. Thus reads the account: "And Joseph made ready his chariot; and went up to meet Israel his father to Goshen; and presented himself unto him; and he fell on his neck, and wept on his neck a good while.

And Israel said unto Joseph, now let me die, since I have seen thy face, because thou art yet alive." Here we are taught that the realization of a truth strongly desired produces an ecstasy of joy which enables one to bid to death a hearty welcome.

Another very interesting circumstance is that recorded in Luke, concerning aged Simeon, which reads thus: "And, behold, there was a man in Jerusalem, whose name was Simeon, and the same man was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel: and the Holy Ghost was upon him. And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death before he had seen the Lord's Christ. And he came by the spirit into the temple; and when the parents brought in the child Jesus, to do for him after the custom of the law, then took he him up in his arms, and blessed God, and said, Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people; a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel."

Here was faith in salvation embracing all people, both Jews and Gentiles. The blessed babe was in his arms, and he could pray to depart. Was it a limited salvation which triumphed over death in this instance? It was that faith, my friends, which our opposers say will do to live by, but not to die by.

The dying scene of the renowned general who fell at the conquest of Quebec, in 1759, is illustrative of our subject. When Wolfe, the brave commander, was mortally wounded, and carried from the field, at the decisive moment which assured victory to his troops, roused from fainting, in the last agonies, by the sound of "They fly! they fly!" he eagerly asked, "Who flies?" And being told, the French, and that they were defeated, he said, "Then, I thank God, I die contented!" and expired. Thus, the joy inspired by that glory only which encircles the plume of victory in war tranquillizes the dying hero. In view of those instances which have been noticed, who can doubt that a belief in that immortality and eternal life brought to light through the gospel, and expressed by the inspired apostle,

who assures us, that as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive," can, even in death, awaken a joy far transcending such as arises from finite considerations ?

For myself, after nearly sixty years of contest with the enemies of the doctrine we profess, I can truly say, that all trials and burdens have been rendered comparatively light, by the constant cheering tidings, they fly ! they fly ! In myself, feeble and weak as a child, I saw in truth itself the strong arm of conquest and certain victory. And now, old and weak in body, I lean on that paternal arm which has been my defence and support. And when I see around me, as it were, a host of fellow-soldiers, in the vigor of manhood and youth, all devoted to the defence of the gospel, and hear the good tidings from various parts of the onward march of truth, I can hardly believe, that the heart and spirit of old Jacob was more revived by the sight of the wagons which were to carry him to his beloved Joseph, than mine are by surveying what is spread out before me.

Should it please God to grant me my reason

at that day and hour when I shall be called away from earthly scenes, and from duties here, may I hear from you, my brethren, — may I say my children, — the cheering cry, “They fly! they fly!”

THE UTILITY OF EVIL.

READER, do not be offended at the title of this short article, and call it impious. Will you say you never before heard that evil is useful?—Will you say the suggestion is wicked, and could be made by no other than one who is wicked? Well, suppose all which you imagine be true, may it not be well to be calm, and deliberately consider, that though you have never before heard of this thing, it may, notwithstanding, be a divine truth? If you will be candid, and bring your mind into a suitable condition to be reasoned with, we will call you to the consideration of questions which, if properly answered, will lead us into the true light of our subject. 1st. Is evil self-existent? If no one will allow this, there is no need of argument to disprove it. It follows, of course, that evil had a cause which produced it; this is self-evident. 2d. Is it not equally self-

evident that the cause which produced evil, is good? If we say that the cause which produced evil was evil, we thereby say that evil existed before it existed! When these several points are understood, we are prepared to state the following axioms:

1st. That which had no beginning, had no cause to produce it. 2d. If we should say that good had an origin or a cause, we should be compelled to say that that cause was evil! 3d. If we allow that evil had an origin or cause, we must allow that the origin of evil is good.

Will the reader now exclaim, and say, — This makes God the author of all the evil and sin which exist? Well, suppose it does, does that prove the axioms false? These are self-evident facts. That God is not the author of evil is not a self-evident fact. Two self-evident facts opposed to each other cannot exist.

That the position we here take is supported by divine authority, we show by the following passage: — Isa. xlv. 7, "I form the light, and create darkness; I make peace, and create evil. I the Lord do all these things."

Having arrived safely at the conclusion that God is the author or creator of evil, and having so done on scriptural as well as on logical authority, we feel safe in drawing the following inferences :— 1st. Divine wisdom comprehends the fact, that evil is useful to a definite end or purpose. 2d. That it cannot fail of answering the end for which it was designed.

Let us now proceed to consider the utility of evil. And we will do this by the light and guidance of divine truth. See Rom. iii. 5—8 : “But if our unrighteousness commend the righteousness of God, what shall we say? Is God unrighteous who taketh vengeance? (I speak as a man.) God forbid; for then how shall God judge the world? For if the truth of God hath more abounded through my lie unto his glory, why yet am I judged as a sinner? And not rather, (as we be slanderously reported, and as some affirm that we say,) Let us do evil that good may come? whose damnation is just.” By what is here quoted, we clearly see that it was a doctrine which Paul preached, that the unrighteousness of men commends the righteousness of God,

and that the truth of God abounds to his glory, through the falsehood of men. It is also evident that the enemies of the apostles understood enough of the doctrine of divine grace, to induce them to report the scandal, that they said, Let us do evil that good may come. By observing the last of Rom. v., and the first of vi., we see the same subject alluded to. "Moreover, the law entered that the offence might abound; but where sin abounded, grace did much more abound; that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord. What shall we say, then? Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound? God forbid. How shall we that are dead to sin live any longer therein?" Thus we see, that the slander which is so generally reported in our times, unfavorable to those who preach that where sin abounded grace much more abounds, was rife in the days of the apostles.

If unrighteousness or evil commend the righteousness of God, we see therein its utility. See Rom. v. 8: "But God commendeth his love

toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Can any one avoid seeing that this commendation of the love of God could never have been, if there had been no sinners? Such a commendation of the divine love as is here set forth, could never have been witnessed by the angels of God in heaven, nor could it ever have melted hard and sinful hearts into contrition and love, had sin never been. This subject may be well illustrated by an attention to what is embraced in the words of Jesus, where he says, "They that be whole need not a physician." Now, it is the sickness of the patient which commends the skill of the physician, and the virtue of the medicine which restores to health. All the medicines found in the mineral and vegetable kingdom would have been useless, and would have forever remained so, if there had been no disorders to be cured. And in this place it may be well to notice the impropriety of the slanderous report which has been mentioned above. The enemies of the truth say our doctrine leads into sin; and that, according to its teachings, we may do evil that good may come.

Why then, we ask, is it not reasonable to suppose, that the patient restored to health, should, on that account, endeavor to become sick again, that the skilful physician, with his efficacious medicine, may again cure him? Moreover, if our opposers contend, that, if we allow that God has a purpose to effect by moral evil, we may, on that account, endeavor to commit all the sin we can; we ask, in return, why ministers, who urge this argument, do not, when they visit the sick chambers of their parishioners, say to the sick, that as it is true that God sends sickness for wise and good purposes, they may, consistently, endeavor, not only to remain sick, but to increase their sickness by all possible means?

Who that has read of the conduct of Joseph, the son of Jacob, towards his brethren who sold him, and made himself well acquainted with his virtues, can fail to admire the man and his lovely character? But who will tell us how that admirable character, and those shining virtues, could ever have been known, or adorned the page of sacred history, if Joseph's brethren had never wronged him? Who can read the words of

Joseph to his brethren without tears? "And Joseph said unto his brethren, Come near to me, I pray you: and they came near. And he said, I am Joseph, your brother, whom you sold into Egypt. Now, therefore, be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves that ye sold me hither; for God did send me before you to preserve life. . . . But as for you, ye thought evil against me; but God meant it unto good, to bring to pass, as it is this day, to save much people alive." Do we not see here the utility of evil; and the good end and purpose which God designed it for?

Another instance wherein our subject is most clearly seen, is the adorable character and wonderful grace exhibited in the sufferings and death of the Son of God. When we approach this subject, we feel our inability to do it justice, and realize the poverty of language to express its divine excellency. To multiply words, or to attempt to be eloquent on this subject, would surely offend against good taste. All who admire the Saviour, or realize the power of his love, must see and acknowledge, that if Jesus had had

no enemies, that love could not have been exhibited as it was in the prayer, — “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.” As well might we expect to behold the rainbow with all its beautiful colors, without a cloud or any rain, as to behold the excellency of divine grace if no sin had existed. Who can so well appreciate the blessing of a physician, as the patient whose pains and sickness have been removed? Who can so prize the grace of the Redeemer, as those who say, — “Unto him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood?”

It is not to be expected that what we have here presented to the reader will be approved by all into whose hands it may fall. We are sensible that our views differ widely from the theology of the church, and the doctrines of the schools. Many, no doubt, will be surprised at the title which heads this short essay, and may regret to see anything so entirely new, and, to the public ear, uncouth. But let the reader consider, that it has been the business of the writer, during the many years of his ministry, to be constantly putting forth sentiments and opinions which were

offensive to the established doctrines of the church; but he has always been guided by an honest conviction, and a sense of duty. The sentiments set forth under the title of this article, have been long believed, and in many ways, and in many instances, exhibited to the public; but never before under such a title, and with a design to have them remain in such a form, as to invite special attention and investigation.

It may further serve our purpose here to suggest some queries for the consideration of our doctors. They all agree in the opinion that God spake unto the fathers by the prophets; and that the prophets spake of a vast variety of events which were to take place in different ages, and in different countries. They believe that the rise and fall of kingdoms were foretold, and the desolations of wars pointed out with great exactness. Now, we ask these doctors, how all this could be unless the whole was planned by that wisdom which foresaw it? Was it possible that any agency with which the Creator had endowed mankind, should work out results different from those spoken of by the prophets? Take, for

example, the prophecies concerning events from the founding of the ancient Persian empire by Cyrus, to the fall of the Roman, which comprehend events spoken of by Daniel. Now look at all the moral and physical evils which were embraced in, or exhibited by, the infinite multitude and variety of events, which took place through those ages, and say whether all those prophecies could have been fulfilled, and all this moral and physical evil have been avoided? As our doctors allow that God was the author of those prophecies, also of their fulfilment, also of all the benefits which have resulted from their fulfilment, will they endeavor to keep themselves in countenance while they say he was not the author of the evils? We have noticed the above section of time and prophecy only as an example of all times and prophecies. We further ask our doctors to consider the question, whether all those events above alluded to could have taken place, and all the evils have been avoided? Or could all those evils have occurred, and the prophecies not fulfilled? What we desire the reader to understand is, that what we call good and what

we call evil are so connected, and so essentially related, that the one cannot exist without the other, in the state of being in which mortal man exists.

Whoever takes an enlarged, enlightened view of the divine economy and government, must, we think, be convinced, that no wisdom, short of the wisdom of God, can claim the authorship, strictly speaking, of any event whatever. Let us, for a moment, look at simple facts, which lie within the compass of the most common capacity. There is no plan, scheme, or enterprise, which men contrive, but such as they are prompted to by circumstances with which they find themselves encompassed. Then it is plain enough that they are not, in a strict sense, the authors of these plans, or enterprises. They have their origin further back. If, even in imagination, we endeavor to trace back through events which must be numbered amongst the causes of these recent contrivances, we can never stop short of God himself. And the like is the case with regard to the inevitable consequences of those plans which are devised by men. Those who contrive them

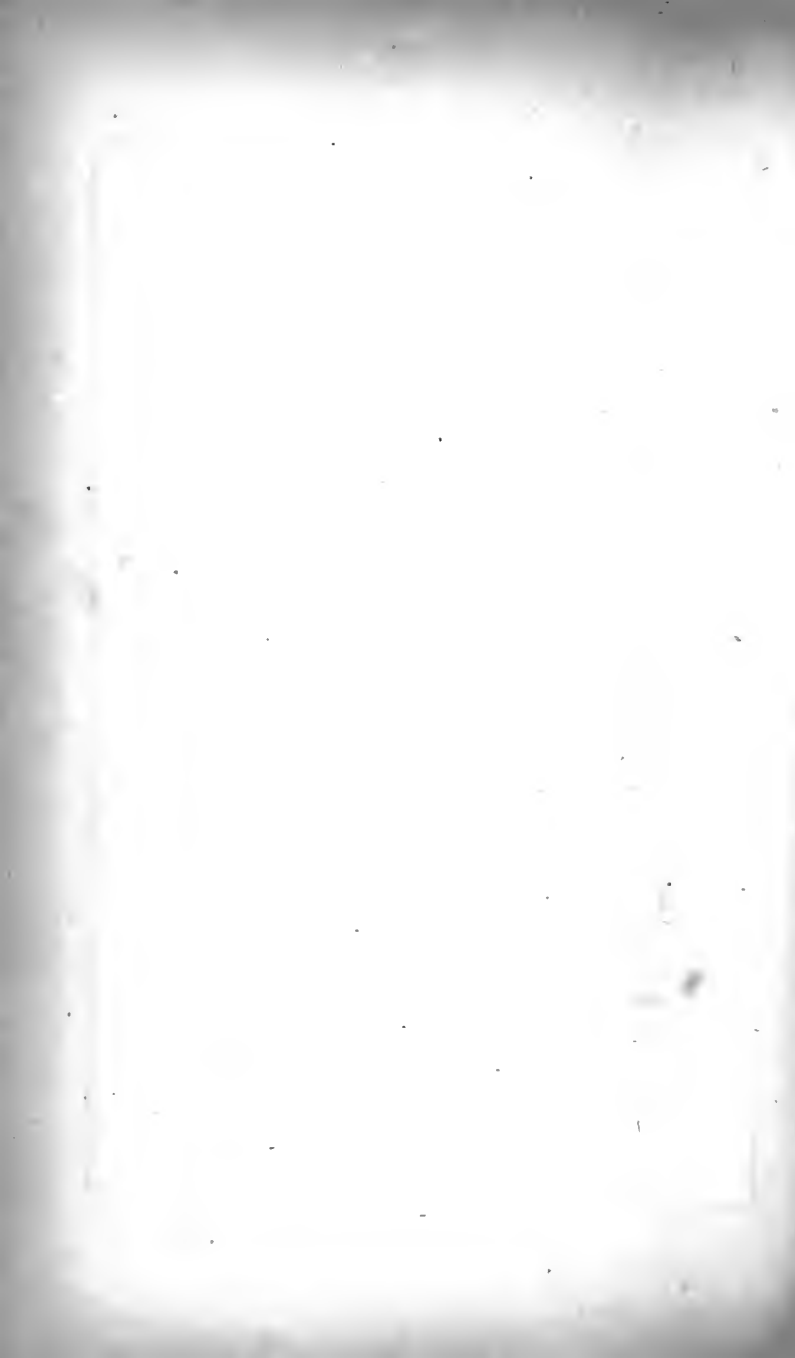
can no more comprehend all which will in future result from what they contrive, than they can trace back through all events which are past, and which have caused them to devise what they have. It is often said by very pious and sincere persons, that we have reason to hope that God will finally so overrule all things as to have them terminate for the best. But if we do not understand that he, at all times, has the control of all events, what reason have we to believe that he ever will?

Hoping that none may be offended at what we here present to the reader, and affectionately requesting a candid examination of the whole subject, we close in the very appropriate words of St. Paul:—"O the depths of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out? For who hath known the mind of the Lord? or who hath been his counsellor? or who hath first given to him, and it shall be recompensed unto him again? For of him, and through him, and to him are all things; to whom be glory forever. Amen."

NOTE TO THE READER.

THE following metrical compositions were, mostly, hastily written, without study, for the Universalist Magazine, while the writer was editor of that paper, and designed to give it variety, and mostly appropriate to subjects contained in it. Those pieces not taken from that paper, were composed on various subjects, at distant periods of time; some appearing in the Trumpet and Universalist Magazine, and some in other papers. The author makes no pretensions of being a poet, having never studied the art for a single hour; and it was with great reluctance that he consented that this volume should be presented to the public. To the publisher's solicitations he has yielded, not without a hope, that, by so doing, he may gratify some of his numerous friends, who have so liberally patronized his prose writings.

THE AUTHOR.



METRICAL COMPOSITIONS.

RELIGION,

A HEAVEN BELOW.

To wanderers in the dismal road
Which leads to sin's most fatal woe,
Religion points the way to God,
And gives the peace of heaven below.

The slaves to error, the destroyed,
Who neither joy nor comfort know,
In iron servitude employed,
Find in Religion — heaven below.

To the opprest, the poor not fed,
Who from the rich quite empty go,
Religion brings fair Zion's bread,
And fills the soul with heaven below.

Those who in riches, fame, and power,
Nothing but anxious cares can know,

Find in Religion's humble bower
That peace which makes a heaven below.

The sick, the weak, the dying, too,
Who earthly joys nor comforts know,
In pure Religion have a view
Of things which make a heaven below.

H Y M N .

HARK ! a glad voice from yonder dale ;
Sweet whispers in the fanning gale ;
With joy I hear, and gladly hail,
The peaceful voice of love.
Soft murmuring streams of grace supreme,
And light's celestial radiance beam —
All adding glory to the scene,
My drooping senses greatly cheer —
My thoughts are raised above.

Adieu, ye toys of earth and time !
Ye can no more my thoughts confine ;
My heavenly lover's grace is mine ;
My soul can want no more.

Enchanting powers of love divine,
And each immortal grace, combine
My grosser passions to refine ;
Immortal glory fills my soul —
My Jesus I adore.

Not all the treasures of Peru,
Nor polished gems that ancients knew,
Have half the beauties in my view,
As God's eternal Son.
Not all the pleasures of the spring,
Nor all the sweets that zephyrs bring,
Nor all the notes that songsters sing,
Can so delight my soul with joy
As Jesus doth alone.

More free than limpid streams that pass,
Cool murmuring 'mong the flowery grass,
Invite the thirsty as they pass,
Does Christ my soul invite ;
Nor doth the grass in time of shower,
Nor bee that sucks the honey flower,
Nor weary swain beneath the bower,
Receive new life as soon as I,
Whom Jesus doth delight.

May I, when time with me is o'er,
And I behold the sun no more,
In yonder world to come adore
 My Jesus and my King.
May Adam's numerous throng, at last,
When sighs, and tears, and woes are past,
When in oblivion sin is cast,
Raised on the rainbow of his love,
 His praise in glory sing.

HYMN.

RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY.

My foes declare, with awful frown,
The Lord my soul will thunder down
 To black and long despair;
My crimes, they state, can't be forgiven;
I've preached so much the love of heaven,
 I ne'er shall enter there !

I own the charge, and won't deny,
I've laid my worldly pleasure by,
 Devoted up my time

To preach my Saviour's boundless love
To all mankind, that they may prove
His mercy all divine.

Deception! heresy! they cry; .
The fraud is of the blackest dye;
Should Christ love sinners? No!
He loves his saints, and such are we,
But sinners all must banished be
To vengeance, wrath, and woe?

That I'm a sinner, Lord, I own;
But thou in mercy gavest thy Son
For wretches such as me;
And since I knew thy mercy, Lord,
I have to sinners preached thy word,
That they might taste and see.

If Christ for sinners feels no love,
What brought him from the realms above,
To die for sinful men?
If Jesus felt no love for me,
Till I his gracious love did see,
How did that love begin?

Lord, judge between my foes and me;
Give us discerning eyes to see
And understand thy grace;
If there be mercy still in store
For sinners, then reveal thy power —
Unveil thy lovely face.

H Y M N .

The following is a little altered from a song to a hymn.

TUNE — “ *Wreaths to the chieftains.* ”

WREATHS for the Saviour we honor! who planted
The gospel of peace in the world that he gained;
Christians his praise 'neath its shelter have
chanted;
Secure in its branches believers remained.
Priestcraft has scattered it;
Superstition shattered it;
Flown is the nestler that tenanted there!
Long, from persecution's storm,
None sought its blighted form,
Save the lone martyr who died for its care.

Hosannas, the high vault of heaven ascending,
Hallow the day when our Saviour was born !
The *mustard* he planted revives, and is blending
Its leaves with the *vine-branch* that blooms o'er
its urn.

Ne'er may the sacred tree
Shorn of its verdure be ;
Ne'er may the blast, that hath scattered it, blow.
Heaven send it happy dew,
Grace lend it sap anew,
Gayly to blossom, and widely to grow.

Sunk be the blaze of the fanatic forever !
Hushed be his wrath in the slumber of years !
Seraphs sound pæans of praise to the Giver,
Peace hath illumined the nations in tears.
May she in triumph reign,
Over the world again ;
Ne'er may her fair floating banners be furled.
Still be the sinner's moan,
Silent be the dying groan,
Lost forever in the life of the world !

ISAIAH I. 27.

"Zion shall be redeemed with judgment, and her converts
with righteousness."

Go, saith the Lord, ye fires of wrath,
That temple blast which sin hath raised ;
Bring all her turrets to the earth,
Where sacrifice profane hath blazed.

Her altars are disowned of God,
Her carnal priests high places build ;
Their garments, too, are stained with blood,
With violence their hands are filled.

And yet to heaven their hands they raise,
And call upon my holy name ;
Up to my throne they dare to gaze,
While truth and grace they still disdain.

Ye, who to Baal's altars kneel,
Shall mourn to see that idol fall ;
And in your souls shall anguish feel,
Though loudly on your God ye call.

Go, saith the Lord, my angels, go,
For fire prepare that towering vine !

Lay all her spreading branches low,
Dash all her bowls of maddening wine.

God, with his judgment, shall redeem
His Zion; and her sons shall shine;
Her daughters in her courts be seen
With righteousness and truth divine.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF MOSES HALL,
OF CHARLESTOWN.

How persuasively still, from his silent repose,
He continues to speak to his friends who survive!

And soft are his accents, as the zephyr that blows,
To fill us with comfort and from fear to relieve.

“For your comfort, dear consort, the peace of my
mind,

While my strength and my body were wasting
away,

Keep in your memory still, and think how resigned

I expected my exit; nor wished I to stay.

Why mourn then for me, who have recovered my
home, .

And so safely arrived at the end of my race?
There is nothing on earth could induce my return,
Or can vie with the triumphs and glory of grace.

And you, my loved children, look ye up to your
God,

And know ye that his goodness forever shall
last ;

All your sorrows and trials, intended for good,
Soon shall vanish away, and forever be past.

On your tender children, the bright crown that I
wore,

Whom I often embraced with affection and love,
May bright wisdom descend and remain evermore,
And bring them to these mansions of glory
above.

My kind brethren all, whom I loved in the Lord,
Stand ye fast in the faith, in your liberty stand ;
Be faithful to Jesus, and abide by his word,
Though despised by the world, yet the salt of
the land.

And you who derided, to the truth being blind,
The doctrines of Jesus, by my death you may see
That grace which is boundless, and to sinners
most kind,"
From doubts and from fears the believer can
free.

HUMILITY.

FRAIL worm am I, of brittle clay,
A feeble insect of a day,
And to the earth confined;
And yet so mean a thing can be
Puffed up with pride and vanity,
Can bluster like the wind!
O! what do angels think of me?
If they, so humble, yet can see
And comprehend my heart;
With what contempt, could they despise,
On me would glance their piercing eyes!
But pity takes my part.
With shame I blush, and well I may,
Before that Power to which I pray,
From whom I cannot hide.

Before him on my face I fall,
And on his kind compassion call,
To humble all my pride.

My Saviour's meekness would I learn,
His every footstep would discern,
And walk the humble way,
Which shuns the path of sin and strife,
And leads to everlasting life,
To an immortal day.

THE SEASON.

DESPAIRING eyes beheld around
A killing dearth spread o'er the ground,
And the whole heaven brass ;
Powder and dust filled all the air,
The sun's broad light was one bright glare,
And pallid was the grass.

A sore lament the fields ran through ;
Panting for rain, thirsting for dew,
They cast their robes of green ;

The cattle moaned from vale to vale,
The water from each brook did fail,
No purling rill was seen.

The lilies fair forgot their pride,
And drooping in the meadows died ;
The clover lost its hue ;
The lovely rose with sorrow sighed,
Its petals withered all, and dried ;
So did the violet too.

One lovely form alone was seen,
The garland on her head was green,
Her eye serenely bright ;
Her name is FAITH, she stood erect,
Fresh roses all her raiment decked,
Most lovely to the sight.

This holy angel cast her eyes
To heaven's vault, and round the skies,
And lo, the clouds appeared ;
The rain in gentle showers distilled,
The water all the valleys filled,
And every garden cheered.

FATHER of FAITH, accept our praise,
Inspire our hearts, inspire our lays,
 Thy goodness to record.
And still may FAITH with us abide,
And in thy law our footsteps guide,
 Where lies a rich reward.

GOD IS LOVE.

THROUGH wide creation's vast expanse
 The smiles of love appear ;
While distant orbs, with twinkling glance,
 My drooping spirits cheer.
The morning sun, that wakes the day,
 Proclaims that God is love ;
His gentle heat, his piercing ray,
 Invite my thoughts above.
'T is love that moves his shining car
 To noon's majestic height ;
And love calls forth each brilliant star
 That decorates the night.
And when the moon's mild face appears,
 Love crowns the queen of night ;

It every hill and valley cheers
With innocent delight.

When lovely spring, with flowery wreaths,
Comes on young zephyr's wing,
And every bird soft music breathes,
'T is love that makes them sing.

Love breathes in every wind that blows,
And sweetens all the air;
Meanders in each stream that flows,
Inviting pleasures there.

Love blossoms in the forest trees,
And paints each garden flower;
Gives honey to the laboring bees
In every sunny hour.

Love brings the golden harvest in,
And fills her stores with food;
It moves ten thousand tongues to sing
Of UNIVERSAL GOOD.

S P R I N G .

HAIL, lovely Nymph ! whose glad advance
The virgin graces sing ;
The lambkins in thy scenery dance ;
There 's fowl of every wing.

Fresh garlands deck thy robe of green,
Wove by thy skill so rare ;
And flowerets in thy tresses gleam,
Whose odors fill the air.

At thy approach the ice and snow
Dissolve to limpid rills ;
And by thy soft attractions flow,
Till every valley fills.

The opening buds confess thy power,
And offer leaves to thee ;
Thy blush is seen in every flower,
Thy charms in every tree.

I love to ramble through each field
Where tread thy gentle feet ;
And breathe the sweets thy zephyrs yield,
Where all thy beauties meet.

Come to thy gardens, lovely spring,
And set thy plants and flowers ;
To open view their petals bring,
And wash them in thy showers.

AN ADDRESS TO UNIVERSALISM.

CELESTIAL nymph, of heavenly birth !
When first I saw thy form on earth,
I gave to thee my heart ;
The gift, though small, thou didst not spurn ;
Thy favors I received in turn ;
O may we never part !

Before to love I knew thy claims,
I heard thee called forbidding names,
And thought report was true ;
One *gracious Anti-nomos* said
That thou, a fiend, from hell hadst fled ;
And this he said he knew.

Arminius, too, as much could say,
That Beelzebub, while on his way,
Had conjured thee to life.

Though foes to one another, they
Against thy life agreed to pray,
And then renewed their strife.

I pondered long on what I heard ;
Sometimes I hoped, sometimes I feared ;
Yet had not seen thy face ;
Some whispers, from thy lips divine,
Fell softly on these ears of mine,
And warmed my heart with grace.

Around I cast my wishful eyes ;
On earth I looked, and to the skies,
To find thee here or there ;
But blindness did my vision bind,
I strove and strove, but could not find
Thee, everlasting fair.

A touch of thy celestial hand
Took from mine eyes that fatal band,
And then thy form I saw ;
As is removed a funeral shroud,
Or as retires a stormy cloud,
Did all my fears withdraw.

What light and love, what joy and peace,
I felt within my soul increase,

As waters gently rise !

Love was thy banner o'er my head,
Thy dazzling glory round me spread,
And blessed my strengthened eyes.

My heart to thee I gave, and thine
Received in covenant divine,

As wedded hearts are one ;

Against thy foes thou didst me arm,
And in thy strength, secure from harm,
To victory I run !

Not all thy foes on earth can say
Can turn my heart from thee away,

And yet my heart is free ;

These wounds and scars, which men despise.
Are jewels precious in thine eyes,
And this is all to me.

Had I ten thousand years to live,

Had I ten thousand lives to give,

All these should be thine own ;

And that foul scorn thy foes bestow
Still prove a laurel to my brow,
And their contempt, a throne.

My soul, a flame of love, aspires,
As does my heart, with warm desires,
To live in thine embrace ;
Were this whole globe a diamond bright,
I'd give the whole for thy pure light,
For thy far richer grace.

HYMN.

"The earth, O Lord, is full of thy goodness."

THY goodness fills the earth, O Lord,
It swells the vernal bud,
It travels through the lands abroad,
And rolls along the flood.

In every ray of light it comes,
From distant worlds afar ;
It visits earth from yonder suns,
And lives in every star.

I see it in the foliage green,
It covers hill and vale ;
It flows along each limpid stream,
And rides on every gale.

It swells the notes which cheer the grove
With melody and song ;
It kindles up the fire of love,
And dwells on every tongue.

HYMN OF PRAISE.

To Him who rules the worlds afar,
To Him who marshals every star,
To Him who spread and dressed the skies,
Let universal praise arise.

Ye finny tribes that cleave the deep,
And sport where fields of coral sleep,
From your vast world of waters raise
To God a hymn of grateful praise.

And ye, who, buoyant on the wing,
From spray to spray, from limb to limb,
Let all your varied notes accord
To hymn the honors of the Lord.

Ye beasts that roam the forest wild,
With courage fierce, or tempers mild,
Let all your tribes, in various ways,
To Him one general chorus raise.

Ye sons of men, whose reason bright
Is one vast fire of heavenly light,
Awake devotion's sacred flame,
And chant aloud Jehovah's name.

WISDOM.

WHAT gem is that of purest ray,
Which guides the traveller on his way,
And turns the darkness into day;
That will not let his strength decay?

I mean that pearl, by few possessed,
Which ever makes its owner blest;
That gives the heavy-ladened rest,
And comfort yields to sorrow's breast?

That precious stone, whose touch can heal
The deepest sorrows mourners feel,
And unknown things of God reveal,
Yet from the world ourselves conceal?

That treasure, which neglected lies,
And by the needy is despised,
That gives to blindness angels' eyes,
To mortals life that never dies ?

It is that *wisdom* from above,
That's full of peace, that's full of love,
And ever harmless as the dove ;
O may we all its blessings prove.

THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW WAY.

WIDE is the gate and broad the way,
That to destruction lead ;
And countless thousands thither stray,
With a resistless speed.

But straight and narrow is the road,
And few the pilgrims there,
Which leads to life, to peace, and God,
Free from distress and care.

Thus, on the mount, did mercy's voice
Instruction kindly breathe,
And won a few to make the choice,
To walk in Christ and live.

O, stranger, wouldst thou enter here,
And shun destruction's way?
Resist temptation's fatal snare,
And fly without delay.

From others all thou wouldst desire,
To them perform the same;
The law and prophets this require:
For this the Saviour came.

TO A MOURNING MOTHER.

THERE 's pity in a Saviour's breast,
Compassion 's in his eye;
To him, dear madam, fly for rest;
He marks the mourner's sigh.

The sorrows of a broken heart
He never will protest;
But consolation's balm impart,
And give affliction rest.

O fly to him, he 's ever near;
Thy grief he makes his own;
With full assurance then draw near,
And bow before his throne.

In him you'll find a calm retreat,
And every blessing share,
While humbly bending at his feet,
Another Mary there.

LINES.

"If a man die, shall he live again?" — JOB xiv. 14.

INSPIRING truth, thy light convey,
And drive this cloud and mist away;
I roam in darkness here.

The doubtful question solve; that I
May know if soul and body die
When ends life's short career.

If this be true, is man aught more
Than what he was ages before
Kind nature gave him birth?
Or is he more than weeds and flowers,
Warmed by the sun and nursed with showers,
When turned again to earth?

Than angels, man a little lower
Was made; and yet we read he bore
The image of his God.

In what consists this image bright,
If naught remains when death's dark night
Rolls on his mighty flood ?

Are beasts that in our pastures feed,
And for our food are doomed to bleed,
As near to angels, say,
As man, whom God his offspring calls,
On whom his gentlest favor falls ?
Shall he like worms decay ?

O man, to thee it ne'er was given
To scan the hidden things of heaven.
Herein thy wisdom lies :
That promise, which thy God hath made,
Insures thee life beyond death's shade ;
Believe him and be wise.

Thy vast concerns are in his power,
Who watches o'er thee every hour ;
In life and death the same.
Then trust in God, and fear no harm ;
Thy safety is the Almighty arm ;
Thy refuge is his name.

AN ALARM.

CALVINISM! Calvinism! have you heard of the
schism

Common sense and carnal reason are making?
These assuming intruders, these worst of de-
luders,

Religion's foundations are shaking!

Heresy O! heresy O! carnal reason and Co.,

Are bringing, like a mist o'er the sun!

I give you the hint, some people e'en think,

One and two are two more than one!

Reverend priests! reverend priests! no more of
your feasts;

'T is a day for prayer, and for fasting;

Some lambs of your fold, if rightly I'm told,

Think there's mercy for ALL everlasting!

O, orthodox! O, orthodox! do you know all the
plots,

Your foes, the scriptures and reason, are laying,
Light and truth to spread wide, and you set aside?

Even respect for your name is decaying!

Pharisees proud ! pharisees proud ! don't mix
with the crowd ;

Stand aloof and disfigure your faces ;
More pains you should take to support the mis-
take

That pride and conceit are sanctified graces.

Close communion ! close communion ! stand fast
to your union ;

As from temptation, from charity fly ;
Let brotherly love, like Noah's wandering dove,
Ne'er have a spot for her foot meet her eye.

THANKSGIVING.

O PRAISE the Lord, exalt his name,
His mighty acts declare ;
His mercy ever is the same,
His goodness crowns the year.

Cold winter's frosty bands he broke,
And sent the vernal showers ;
Earth, listening to the word he spoke,
Set forth her buds and flowers.

At his command, the time of seed
Called labor to the field ;
Warm summer suns did then succeed,
A harvest rich to yield.

O that the sons of men would praise
Such wisdom, love, and grace ;
To God exalted anthems raise,
And bow before his face.

Now see the burdened cars descend,
From all the country round,
While bounties, from Jehovah's hand,
Through all our streets abound.

Rich favors from the ocean wide
Kind Providence has sent ;
Our every want is well supplied
With plenty and content.

Fair science, with increasing light,
Dispels our mental gloom,
And, lifting up the clouds of night,
Pours in a brilliant noon.

Our churches, thronged with every age,
Who grace divine approve,

In the delightful work engage
To chant a Saviour's love.

Her watchmen on fair Zion stand,
Glad tidings to proclaim,
And spread salvation through the land,
In our Immanuel's name.

O that the sons of men would praise
The God of boundless grace,
His honor in their anthems raise,
And bow before his face.

GOD IS LOVE.

THAT God, who made the sun and moon,
Is love, unchanging love ;
That God, who gives us night and noon,
Is everlasting love.

That God, who made the mighty seas,
Is love, unchanging love ;
And bound them fast by his decrees,
Is everlasting love.

That God, who made the mountains high,
Is love, unchanging love ;
Who filled with stars the azure sky,
Is everlasting love.

That God, who made the rivers flow,
Is love, unchanging love ;
Who fills with fruits the valleys low,
Is everlasting love.

That God, who spread creation wide,
Is love, unchanging love ;
Who rules the ocean and the tide,
Is everlasting love.

That God, who did us all create,
Is love, unchanging love ;
Who never can his creatures hate,
Is everlasting love.

“MY KINGDOM IS NOT OF THIS
WORLD.”

This was written in reference to what a clergyman of Boston published, to induce our legislature, which was then in session, to compel people to support religion.

YE counsellors, reverend and wise,
May one so humble you advise,
On pure religion's cause ?
Then from our text at once you learn,
It leans not on the civil arm,
Nor rests on human laws.

The gospel of God's grace and love
Flows like a river from above,
In wisdom's current free.
Mark well, no human laws we know
E'er taught the rivers where to flow,
Or how to find the sea.

Religion, like the sun's broad light,
Dispels our darkness and our night,
And gives celestial day.
Can human laws control the sun,
Direct the golden orb to run
Where legislators say ?

As rain and snow from heaven fall,
A blessing sure to great and small,
So is God's faithful word
Can legislation form one shower,
And through the skies extend its power?
The thought is most absurd:

Like dew, that falls from heaven by night,
Invisible to mortal sight,
Religion comes to man.
When legislators make the dew,
And every night can it renew,
They'll help the gospel plan.

As free as air, or wind that blows,
Whose destination no one knows,
Are souls born from above.
Can legislators change the wind?
Then may their laws convert the mind,
And fill the soul with love.

To Zion the sweet prophet said,
As manly youth pure virgins wed,
Thy sons shall marry thee.

Must then a man by law be drove
To marry one he cannot love?
Sure this would bondage be.

Those who in Christ salvation find,
Receive him a physician kind,
Their sickness all to heal.
Must then coercive law compel
The sick to find the healing skill,
And love of health to feel?

Ye reverend priests, how oft you've said
That Jesus is the living bread,
For men to eat and live.
Must then the force of law control
A fainting, hungry, starving soul,
To eat the bread you give?

But if you preach what cost you dear,
And you must have so much a year
For what no man can eat;
Then law religion may be wise,
Supporting priestcraft in disguise;
But oh, the hateful cheat!

IMPARTIAL GOODNESS.

THE sun's enlivening beams unveil

Our heavenly Father's face,
And testify, as they prevail,
His rich, impartial grace.

The fig-tree, olive, nor the vine,

No more his rays can claim,
Than noisome weeds, on which they shine
With an impartial flame.

Ye bigots, think on this, and say,

Why God should not confine
The sun's blest power, and every ray,
To some *elected* vine ?

See yonder thistle's towering head,

As wet with morning dew
As favorite flowers in the bed
Where nursed by care and you.

Say, why should not the hand that throws

Abroad the precious dew
Confine this favor (well he knows)
To your elected few ?

Behold the rain, whose genial powers
The grass and corn revive,
Impartial falls, in gentle showers,
On thorns, and makes them thrive.

Why should the Father of the rain,
With such impartial hand,
On every mountain, hill, and plain,
Such gracious tokens send ?

Why not, like you, his love divine,
To some *elected* place,
With *wise* precaution there confine
The fulness of his grace ?

MEEKNESS.

WHEN chill November's frosty breath
Lays vegetation low in death,
The lofty flowers of various dye
No more salute the wandering eye.

Yet in this season I have seen
The lowly violet in green,
I've seen its lovely blossoms glow
Beneath a drifted fleece of snow.

A useful lesson here I learn,
Which many seem not to discern, —
Though meekness courts not vulgar eyes,
It lives when pride and folly dies.

O may I, like this humble flower,
In meekness lie, nor try to tower ;
When all vain glory sinks and dies,
Be lovely in my Maker's eyes.

CHRIST THE LIGHT AND LIFE
OF THE WORLD.

BEHOLD the light ! now see it rise !
How fast it spreads ! fills earth and skies ;
While night and darkness flee apace,
Before the Saviour's day of grace.

The sun's bright beam shall now expire
In brighter rays and warmer fire ;
Nature, regenerate and pure,
Shall rise to glory and endure.

No winter shall these climes annoy,
No chilling blasts young buds destroy ;

The tree of life its fruit shall yield,
And dying man of death be healed.

Seraphic raptures swell the theme,
And joys bewilder like a dream ;
Then wait, my soul, the perfect day,
Yet walk the bright, the shining way.

H Y M N .

Thy presence, Lord, gives pure delight,
Our sorrows takes away,
Dispels the darkness of our night,
And spreads effulgent day.

Like water to the thirsty soul
Are flowings of thy love,
Thy spirit sways with soft control,
And bears our thoughts above.

Why should we then decline from thee ?
In search of folly rove ?
Or strive to set our passions free
From the soft bands of love ?

Extend around thy loving arms,
 Enfold us in thy breast,
Where, captives to resistless charms,
 Our wavering souls may rest.

Raise in our breasts a quickening zeal,
 That faith which works by love ;
And to our strengthened eyes reveal
 Our life in Christ above.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

YE meek, advance ; ye lowly, come,
 Prepare a joyful song,
And bear the wonders God has done
 On every thankful tongue.

Glad tidings came on angel's wings,
 Meek shepherds heard the news ;
This day is born the King of kings,
 Messiah of the Jews.

This is the Son which God hath given,
 To save our sinful race,
To guide our wandering feet to heaven,
 By his redeeming grace.

If angels, on the happy day
Salvation's King was born,
God's glory sang in lofty lay,
And peace to man forlorn ;

O then, let every thankful heart
A grateful tribute bring,
With hosts of angels bear a part,
And joyful anthems sing.

To bind the wounded, broken heart,
And heal the soul of sin,
And to the dying life impart,
Did Christ salvation bring.

Through darkest clouds of sorrow's night
The Saviour's grace is seen,
And rays of mercy, quick and bright,
On guilty sinners gleam.

Come, sing his grace with rapture's flame,
And all his love record ;
In everlasting songs proclaim
Salvation of the Lord.

THE CARRIER'S ADDRESS

TO THE PATRONS OF THE UNIVERSALIST
MAGAZINE, JANUARY 1, 1821.

ONCE more, kind friends, the salutation hear
Of one, who wishes all true happiness this year ;
With pure affection, fondly hopes that you
The past, with its events, with pleasure view.
Your debts all paid, and dues collected in,
Your time well spent, your conscience free from
sin.

Since last your servant had the pleasing task,
By such address, your favor kind to ask,
Kind Providence its riches has displayed,
To man and beast its favors choice conveyed.
What vernal suns and zephyrs soft could do,
What summer's heat and the distilling dew,
What rains and showers, scarce a lack was
known,
The seed came forth, by hand of labor sown ;
The meadows, fields, and pastures, dressed in
green,
Were by the eye of expectation seen,

Till yellow-autumn, bending with her store,
To labor gave a recompense, and more.
Well you remember virgin May and June,
When fragrance filled the air from trees in bloom ;
Nor have forgot the richer season, when
The fruit so rare from country towns came in ;
When crimson cherries, and the peach of gold,
And melons fair, were in our markets sold ;
When you rejoiced to feast your children dear,
Those sweet delights, your pleasure and your
care.

The rights of freemen you have all enjoyed,
And as you would your precious time employed ;
No humble vassals to a tyrant's throne,
The fruit of all your labor is your own.
Beneath a government so wise, so mild,
The arts have flourished, and fair science smiled ;
Your schools and colleges produce a race
As wise as Solon, the famed son of Greece.

Religion, free and pure, a heaven on earth,
To joys celestial in the soul gives birth,
When in the closet, or the house of God,
Sweet streams of mercy flow through Jesus' blood ;

While charity abounds and union grows,
And love unfeigned to every creature flows.

Would you the future of the year look through,
Of your concerns anticipate a view ?
Sure my best wishes shall the whole attend,
And look to Heaven to be your guide and friend.
Let cautious prudence your companion be,
From feuds and broils let every one be free ;
Of debts but few contract, and those but small,
In season due take care to pay them all.
Of time, so precious, waste ye not a day,
And of your earnings squander none away.
See that your children follow virtue's rules,
Nor suffer them to stray, with fops and fools,
From night to night, where vice with folly reigns,
And dissipation an ascendance gains.
Your households all, the rules of prudence learn,
And how to save, as well as how to earn.
These virtues, of themselves, rich blessings are,
And never fail of Heaven's smiles and care.

The Magazine still lives and travels far,
And if not bright, a steady, ruling star ;

Its mild attractions, and its gleaming light,
Are felt and seen through superstition's night;
Imaginary hells have fled away,
For devils cannot live in open day.
One number, from his dark abode of sin,
*Old Nick** returned, and with a spiteful grin,
With horror's menace, and with dreadful roar,
Groaned deep with pain, and said he'd have no
more!

But those who love the truth, and take delight
In that which tends to make its beauty bright,
With joy its columns read, quite pleased to find
That God and Christ are friends to all mankind.
Let this great principle of love be taught,
Till superstition's fabric comes to nought;
Till partial creeds, like mists, have fled away,
And truth and peace bear universal sway.

* See Magazine of April 18, 1820, p. 163.

THE ORTHODOX'S ADDRESS TO
SAINT PAUL.

THOU saint in heaven, enrobed in white,
Thy soul all love, thy mind all light,
No glass obstructs thy visual beam,
God's counsels deep by thee are seen.
Couldst thou be here with us below,
And teach us all which thou dost know,
Thy ministry on earth retrace,
And mend each error of thy race ;
With angel's mind and seraph's speed,
Couldst thou thy long epistles read,
With pen oblivious erase,
And truth insert in error's place,
Where would amendment first begin ?
Where "grace abounds much more than sin ?"
Was this an error of thy mind,
Or slip to which thy pen inclined ?
Well, this erased — what fills its place ?
O ! "sin abounds much more than grace."
Well mended this ; but what comes next ?
A worse, a more perplexing text ;
" Therefore, as by offence of one,
Damnation on all men has come,

By righteousness of one, indeed,
Are all from condemnation freed.”
With ink profuse these lines erase,
Put something better in their place.
“For one offence the judgment fell,
And all men doomed to endless hell ;
By righteousness of one who died,
A few are freely justified.”
This makes it clear, but strange to find
To error oft thy pen inclined ;
Much buffeted by some foul fiend,
Too often wrote what thou must mend.
“God hath his will to us made plain,
That he to Christ all things will gain,
All things in heaven and earth as one,
Shall gathered be in Christ his Son.”
Strange error this ; for were it so,
Sure none would suffer endless woe.
Then strike it out, the vacance fill
With what will doom mankind to hell.
But here again, thy pen, unwise,
Our orthodoxy sound denies ;
“God hath exalted high his Son,
To reign forever on his throne,

That in his name all knees shall bow,
 And tongues confess the loyal vow ;
 In heaven, on, or under earth,
 All creatures God has given birth
 A willing worship long shall pay,
 And live an everlasting day," —
 Erase the whole ; such things as these
 Our heretics do greatly please.

Hadst thou believed all human kind
 At last the Saviour's grace would find,
 Couldst thou have plainer wrote than here
 Thou hast ? Couldst thou have been more
 clear ?

"It pleaséd God, the Father, well,
 All fulness in his Son should dwell ;
 And having peace made by his cross,
 To reconcile, from sin and dross,
 Unto himself all things in heaven
 And earth ; for all to Christ were given."
 All this strike out ; supply its place
 With what will limit saving grace.
 'T is all in vain ! for here are more
 As wrong as those we 've seen before.

“God will have all men saved, and know
The truth, and grace he does bestow ;
Jesus himself a ransom gave
For all mankind, that they might live.”
Ah, blessed saint, we ’ve cause to fear
Thy mind on earth was not so clear
As now in bliss ; where thou must know
Millions to endless misery go ;
Where all your blissful pleasures rise
From flames of hell which light your skies.
But here on earth the saints complain
That you should write so much in vain.
Nay worse ; for heretics depend
On you, their doctrine to defend.

P R A I S E .

MAY all our powers of mind
To God, our Father kind,
An anthem raise ;
Whose cloud of glory bright,
With beams of heavenly light,
Dispels the gloom of night ;
O sing his praise !

The God of truth and grace
Unveils his radiant face,
And breaks the power
Of superstition's chain ;
His grace shall ever reign,
And righteousness maintain,
While we adore.

As the blest morning ray
Drives darkness far away,
Behold his love—
Our night of sin illumines,
Our hatred all consumes,
Each heart with grace perfumes,
In courts above.

All creatures shall combine
To sing this grace divine,
And sound his fame,
Who saves the world from sin,
And righteousness brings in.
O let us now begin
To praise his name !

YOUTH.

WHAT is it like? 't is like a flower,
That opens to the morning sun,
That's lovely to the eye an hour,
When lo! its blushing beauty's gone.

'T is like a dream, when fancy reigns,
And spreads her airy mantle round,
Imagination rules the brains,
And judgment lies in sleep profound.

'T is like a fragile bark when tossed,
High bounding o'er the restless wave,
That's in a moment wrecked, and lost
Forever in a watery grave.

'T is like the spring when verdure yields
A pleasing prospect to the eye,
When vestments through a thousand fields
Lose, by summer suns, their dye.

'T is like the infant ice laid o'er
The peaceful bosom of the lake,
Where boys, adventurous from the shore,
Their sudden, woful exit make.

'T is like a faithless promise's lure,
Which prospects paints to fancy's eye,
And renders disappointment sure,
Which leaves the lamp of hope to die.

'T is like the falling snow, you've seen
Descending from its frozen store,
When, driven on the running stream,
It disappears, is seen no more.

'T is like those varying colors bright,
Reflected from an evening cloud,
Which, fading at the approach of night,
Are mantled in a murky shroud.

UNIVERSAL GOODNESS.

THROUGH all creation God is seen,
On mountains high, in valleys green ;
The waving forests speak his praise,
Made vocal with a thousand lays ;
While every shrub and every flower
Displays the goodness of his power.
At yonder sun with wonder gaze ;
'T is God who gives him all his rays,

And sends his powerful influence round
To bless the world's remotest bound.
A milder ray and softer light
He gives the moon to cheer the night ;
While distant globes, through all the sky,
Harmonious speak his praises high.
The brooks and rivers, as they flow,
From mountains high, through valleys low,
Rich blessings from his bounty bring,
Which make the laughing meadows sing.
Down pours the rain from clouds on high,
Those clouds which darken all the sky ;
The springing grass, the waving corn,
And blushing flowers, the fields adorn.
My soul, unto thy Maker raise
A grateful song, in solemn lays ;
His goodness through creation view,
And every day his praise renew.

AN ADDRESS TO ORTHODOXY.

You say, before the world began,
God's first decree respecting man
Doomed more than half to endless woe ;
And then you say, that this decree
Left every man an agent free,
For bliss above, or flames below.

Now, to be saved, all that we need
Is to believe what God decreed,
And feel submissive to our fate ;
A willingness to go to hell
A title gives in heaven to dwell,
In that most perfect, happy state.

Well, be it so ; it still remains
That we present our simple claims
That you this creed would now defend ;
To us, be sure, 't is dark indeed,
Our future state should be decreed,
And yet on what we do, depend.

'T is difficult for us to know
How those, whom God decreed for woe,
By faith in *hell* should heaven gain.

Could all mankind be saved, if they
Were willing to be damned ? now say,
And try this problem to explain.

Smooth down that brow, — we 've more to say ;
With circumspection would we pray
How you this knowledge did obtain ?
We 've searched the Scriptures through, but find
No testimony of this kind ;
But the reverse from them we gain.

God will have all men saved, we read ;
You say, he more than half decreed
To death, and everlasting pain.
You cross yourself, and, what is worse,
In room of grace hold up a curse,
And death and hell's eternal reign.

THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT.

AND why do Christians thus contend
For items in their creeds ?
An enemy, and not a friend,
Sows these contentious seeds.

'T was love to God and love to man,
The dear Redeemer brought ;
No metaphysic doctrine can
Compare with what he taught.

Why do we judge each other so ?
This judging genders strife ;
It is enough our Lord to know,
And feel his heavenly life.

What if my brother disagrees
With me in certain things ;
Yet strives by works of love to please,
And fruit abundant brings ?

Shall I disown a brother dear,
For whom my Saviour died ?
Can I be filled with gospel fear,
And walk in all this pride ?

O may we learn to walk in love,
In charity abound ;
Possess those tempers of the dove,
Which rather heal than wound.

H Y M N .

LORD, may thy humble servants here
Thy words regard with watchful care
And with affection strong ;
May no false charm cause us to stray
From wisdom's straight and narrow way,
Forbidden paths among.

While we recount thy favors o'er,
And contemplate that boundless store
Whence all our comforts flow,
May gratitude to thee arise,
While every sin within us dies,
And each internal foe.

Washed by thy word of truth from sin,
May purity be found within
These hearts which sin beguiled ;

And O! thou kindest Friend above,
Preserve us by thy constant love
From that which has defiled.

Through all our future days may we
With circumspection worship thee
In spirit and in truth ;
And when decaying nature dies,
Grant us a mansion in the skies,
To bloom in endless youth.

CALL TO TRUE LIBERTY.

YE heavy laden, come, repose,
Forsake your burden and your woes,
And enter into rest ;
In error's night why will you roam,
Like wanderers lost and far from home ?
To grace you 're welcome guests.

Why longer will you peace refuse,
Sin's servitude and bondage choose,
In room of liberty ?

Hark ! hear the voice of Jesus cry,
To me, ye weary souls, draw nigh,
My grace shall set you free.

Vain, haughty souls, my meekness learn ;
Humility shall soon disarm
The tyrant of the heart ;
From burdens give a full discharge,
From bondage shall the soul enlarge,
And peace divine impart.

Burdens are light imposed by me ;
My service is true liberty ;
Freedom my laws require ;
Come, then, my easy yoke receive,
My laws obey, my grace believe ;
The fulness of desire.

H Y M N .

"As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

IN God's eternity
Shall there a day arise,
When all that's born of men shall be
With Jesus in the skies.

As night before the rays
Of morning flees away,
Sin shall retire before the blaze
Of God's eternal day.

As music fills the grove
When stormy clouds are past,
Sweet anthems of redeeming love
Shall all employ at last.

Redeemed from death and sin,
Shall Adam's numerous race
A ceaseless song of praise begin,
And shout redeeming grace.

NATIONAL JUBILEE.

In lofty strains to day we'll raise
To our Deliverer songs of praise,
Who gave our nation birth ;
'Mid noise of war and strife of arms,
When terror spread his dire alarms,
Which shook the troubled earth ;

Who condescended from his throne
To listen to oppression's groan,
And frowned on freedom's foe ;
Who, in the hollow of his hand,
Preserved fair freedom's hero band,
That laid the tyrant low.

Firm as a rock, 'mid ocean's waves,
Our freedom stands, nor trembling, braves
Those shocks her fall conspire ;
Her million sons her banners spread,
To guard her young, her towering head,
With patriotic fire !

Free as our thousand rivers' flow,
Our rising sons no bondage know,
Illumed by science's ray,

In wisdom make those equal laws
A firm support to freedom's cause,
Which rule with gentle sway.

Bright as the sun which rules the day,
Fair Freedom's realm shall send a ray
To every distant shore ;
Till all the nations of the earth
Come forth to heavenly freedom's birth,
And tyrants know no more.

And may thy truth, O God of grace,
Redeem from sin the human race,
And righteousness increase ;
Extend the kingdom of thy Son,
Far as the ruling planets run,
In everlasting peace.

THOUGHTS

SUGGESTED BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON'S
LINES ON "RUTH," IN THE ROSE OF
SHARON FOR 1842.

WHEN that strain began to flow,
When that fire began to glow,
Fondly I desired to know
Whereto that minstrel would go.

In the distance, there my eyes
See a barley field arise,
Ripe beneath the sunny skies,
Where the reaper's sickle plies.

Here brown labor finds its gain
In the sheaf of golden grain;
Beauty gleaming in the train
Of each hardy, youthful swain.

'Mong the blushing maidens fair,
Gleans the modest Ruth with care,
While her kinsman meets her there,
Shows her favors rich and rare.

Now the strains prophetic grow ;
An illustrious progeny show ;
Diadems with lustre glow,
Splendor on fair Salem throw.

Poets, too, with sacred fire,
String and tune a deathless lyre ;
Hymns seraphic, rising higher,
Fill my longing soul's desire.

Now the Prince of Peace appears ;
Mourners wipe away their tears ;
Mortals lose their boding fears
As salvation swiftly nears.

Singer, never cease to sing ;
Strains like thine sweet comforts bring ;
Summer, autumn, winter, spring,
Singer, never cease to sing.

"FOR A BLESSING IS IN IT."

ISAIAH LXV. 8.

HATH conscience told thee, brother man,
That wrong hath been thy doing ;
And that thou 'lt find destruction in
The path thou art pursuing ?

And hath repentance been proposed,
And an entire forsaking
Of every sinful purpose formed ?
Come, then, be undertaking

So good a work. For conscience sake,
Delay the thing no longer ;
The holy resolution take
Before thy bonds grow stronger.

Thus saith the Lord, Return to me ;
Return, and be forgiven ;
For though thou art of earth most vile,
And I the God of heaven, —

My mercy thou shalt find most free,
And pardon overflowing ;

My love is broader than the sea,
And ever is unfolding.

This work, I tell thee, brother man,
Delay not to begin it;
And when thou hast this duty done,
A blessing will be in it.

DIVINE GOODNESS.

WHEREVER visit the rays of the sun,
Rich treasures of goodness attend them;
And all the brooks and rivers that run
Both widely convey and defend them.

Wherever flow the tides of the sea
Are favors abundantly given;
And all mankind, whether bond or free,
Enjoy the rich blessings of Heaven.

Wherever blows a wind or a breeze,
Rich mercies are widely extended;
In flowery grass and waving trees
Both beauty and favor are blended.

Wherever we go, by sea or land,
The mercies of Heaven sustain us ;
If terrors arise, and threatening stand,
The arm that 's Almighty defends us.

And every precious moment of time
Bears witness to goodness unfailing,
Which, as we are taught by hope divine,
Shall remain forever prevailing.

A CHARITY HYMN.

COME, taste the fruits which kindness yields ;
A bliss so rich, so rare ;
No spices of Arabian fields
So well repay your care.

Come, grant to suffering need a part
Of your abundant store,
And pour a balsam in the heart
Of the distressed and poor.

Where cold and hunger both distress
The cheerless child of want,

There Charity delights to bless,
And joys relief to grant.

Where modest worth in sorrow bleeds,
And tastes her woes alone,
Go, Charity, see what she needs,
And kindly grant the boon.

So shall our heavenly Father's love
Its sweetest fruits impart,
Each deed of charity approve,
And bless each liberal heart.

TEARS OF A MOTHER.

The following lines were prompted by the tears which I
saw a mother shed for the loss of her son in a storm at sea.

THE Father of our spirits rode
Amidst that dire commotion,
When stormy winds and troubled flood
Raised fearful expectation ;

And when all hope of life had fled,
When strength and hearts had yielded,

He made the waves a peaceful bed,
For now His mercy shielded.

Where stormy winds can rage no more,
With angry waves combining,
His peaceful soul shall there explore
Bright sunshine ever smiling.

From his full cup could he impart
One drop of sacred pleasure,
Eased of its pain, thy peaceful heart
Would store the golden treasure.

Or could you know the last adieu,
When sinking in the ocean,
The dying son addressed to you,
And taste his pure devotion ;

Those tears of grief should soon give place
To those of gratulation ;
And sorrow's heart should drink the peace
Of sweetest consolation.

ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

ARISE, and hail the Jubilee,
The day that set our nation free ;
In songs His honor chant, who gave
Counsel and victory to the brave.

That haughty power, which dared invade
Our independence, God has made
Submissive to our rights ; while we
Maintain our laws and liberty.

He, who crushed proud Pharaoh's band,
Again has triumphed in our land ;
The arm which did the sea divide,
Restrained for us a tyrant's pride.

Let joy, throughout our land, inspire
Each manly heart with holy fire ;
And freedom's song, by Miriam sung,
Be heard from every female tongue.

Ye daughters fair, fresh garlands weave ;
With chaplets strew the warrior's grave ;
So from the mouldering sod shall rise
Fame's sweetest incense to the skies.

Fifty bright summer suns have smiled,
And fifty harvest moons beguiled
Childhood and youth, since vernal showers
First moistened freedom's lovely flowers.

Across the sea, to other climes,
Thy fame, America, extends ;
And soon may Greece thy triumphs share,
And freedom's brightest laurels wear.

Peru's bold sons have heard thy fame,
And Mexico has caught the flame ;
From north to south the land is free,
And man enjoys a Jubilee.

SUPPLICATION.

MAKER of worlds, thy works declare
Thy wisdom and thy power ;
Sustained by thy protecting care,
Do thee all worlds adore.

Through vast infinitude extends
Thy wise, resistless sway ;
And on that goodness all depends,
Which never knows decay.

FATHER of man, thy child inspire
To know the One Supreme ;
And satisfy the vast desire
Which from thy spirit came.

From error's dreams of wild affright
Despairing minds redeem ;
And, by thy everlasting light,
May truth divine be seen.

Unveil thy lovely face, that we,
Who here despairing mourn,
May catch a glimpse, O God, of thee,
And to thy love return.

Plant in our hearts that holy seed,
And bless the shoot divine,
Whose fruit the hungry soul shall feed,
And yield a generous wine.

Then every power by us possessed,
Submissive to thy will,
Shall, by thy favor, Lord, be blessed,
And in thy spirit dwell.

P E N I T E N C E .

Not to thy throne I raise my eyes,
Nor there stretch forth my hand ;
But, with these guilty tears and sighs,
Low in the dust I bend.

My smitten breast, with sorrow's throe,
Compels my tongue in prayer ;
On me, a sinner, Lord, bestow
Thy mercy's tender care.

No rites performed, nor sacrifice,
Before thee, Lord, I plead ;
A broken heart and weeping eyes
The favors ask I need.

And thou canst see what lurks within
This vile, deceptive heart ;
And with the antidote of sin
The virus bid depart.

THE DYING PENITENT.

My sunny days of youth are past ;
I 've sinned their hours away ;
On all my hopes has come a blast,
And filled me with dismay.

The wise advice, and counsels grave,
By kindest parents given,
From ways of vice a son to save,
With me have vainly striven.

O could I have those hours again !
But that can never be ;
I would not waste them thus in sin,
But from it strive to flee.

Say, you who love the ways of truth
Who taste a Saviour's grace,
Can he regard so vile a youth
With favor in his face ?

If tears which sinful Mary shed
Were jewels in his eyes,
Those flowing forth on this sick bed
Will he, think you, despise ?

You who can pray, O pray for one
Whose dying hour is near ;
That, while the sands of life may run,
Salvation may appear.

THE GOSPEL COVENANT FUL-
FILLED ;

To sing the covenant of our God,
Let joyful voices join ;
His truth from ages past hath stood,
An everlasting sign,
The promised grace, confirmed by oath,
Was in Messiah given,
That all the nations of the earth,
And kindreds under heaven,
Should in the great Redeemer find,
A sure and lasting rest,
And that the fulness of mankind
Should be forever blest.
In louder strains let God be praised,
Who hath fulfilled his word,

In him whom from the dead he raised,
Our Saviour and our Lord.

Let faith, with strengthened eyes, behold
A blest reversion sure ;
And with transporting joy lay hold,
And steadfastly endure.

THE PEACE OF CHRIST.

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you." — JESUS.

WHEN fortune adverse gathers round,
And dreary prospects rise ;
May, by this fainting heart, be found
That peace thy love supplies.

Should raging elements of strife
In wild confusion rise,
And overwhelm the joys of life,
Yet may my steadfast eyes

Look far beyond all mortal woe,
To that unclouded sphere,
Where peaceful rivers gently flow,
Without one falling tear.

Of friends bereft, a child of scorn,
Reproach attendant too,
I shall not mourn myself forlorn,
Finding thy promise true.

Disease may waste my vital powers,
And earthly comforts flee ;
Yet I am blest, if still endures
That peace I find in thee.

PRAYER FOR DIVINE ASSISTANCE.

My crimes, dear Saviour, pain me still,
Guilt hovers round my heart ;
Physician kind, thy word fulfil,
And bid these pains depart.

Still deeper probe these rank'rous wounds ;
The poison lurks within ;
The virus through the soul abounds,
The venom of my sin.

Rebellious flesh its pride sustains,
And carnal mind prevails ;
A will perverse its hold maintains,
And oft my courage fails.

Lend, lend thy aid ; and give to faith
 A conquering sword to wield ;
 Nor e'er return it to the sheath
 Till mercy wins the field.

Then, all resigned to thee, this heart
 Shall witness forth thy grace ;
 And sin, with every poison dart,
 Retire before thy face.

So shall I live to thee, my Lord,
 And feast upon thy love ;
 Still, guided by thy holy word,
 Shall reach thy courts above.

SORROWING FOR MENTAL
 DARKNESS.

O TRUTH divine ! how sad the gloom
 Thy absence brings on me !
 In pensive solitude I mourn,
 Till thy return I see.

On willows long my harp has hung,
 Sweet sounds have died away,

And all around is darkness flung,
That fills me with dismay.

The dove, that mourns her absent mate,
And flies from spray to spray ;
Reminds me of my hapless state,
When thou art far away.

Have wicked thoughts caused thy remove,
And hid thy smiling face ?
Then, O return ! these thoughts reprove
By thy resistless grace.

How can this heart endure the pain
Which thou hast left behind ?
Return, O truth, and smile again
On this deserted mind.

Yes, kindly come, thy light impart,
And chase this gloom away ;
Purge every recess of my heart,
And guide me in thy way.

THE CARRIER'S ADDRESS

TO THE PATRONS OF THE UNIVERSALIST
MAGAZINE, JANUARY 1, 1826.

I HEARTILY wish you a happy New Year,
Kind patrons, with health and abundance of cheer :
Superstition, 't is true, may scowl up her face,
And say, if you 're happy, you 're void of all grace !
But wisdom, as old as the Bible, will prove
The sinner forgiven is cheerful in love !*

The year that is gone was propitious and kind ;
Health, peace, and abundance have all been com-
bined ;
The fruits of the summer and autumn were good,
And call on us all to be grateful to God.

But some of you mourn the sweet friends who
have gone,
And left your fair dwellings no more to return ;
But why should we sorrow for those who are blest,
Whose troubles are over, whose souls are at rest ?
May the year that is coming with goodness abound ;
With health, peace, and plenty, its seasons be
crowned ;

* Matt. ix. 2.

The seas and the rivers all gratefully flow,
Your riches to bring with each wind that shall blow.

The paper I bring you still lives to contend
For faith once delivered, and it to defend ;
No weapons of wrath in its arsenals found,
But arrows of truth which its foes deeply wound,
Causing error to yield, as night to the day ;
Truth and Peace take the field, and strife dies
away.

Of harlots the mother, her doxies still try
To freshen her beauty ; nor seldom do lie
To make out the story of devil and hell ;
That millions and millions forever must dwell
In woful despair of all that is good,
To the joy of the saints and the glory of God.

Such joy and such glory black demons might love,
Were such in existence, below or above ;
But angels in heaven rejoice when they know
That grace is extended to sinners below.

Like the dove scarcely fledged, when tender and
young,
The Magazine stood all the vultures among ;

The lightning of wrath flashed forth from their
eyes,
And death with its terrors was heard in their
cries.

The prey was so small and their talons so large,
The hope was but faint the young dove to dis-
charge ;
But the vulturous birds fed one on the other,
While the dove gained her wings all covered with
feather.

As an omen of peace she flits in the air ;
On the pinions of hope she drives off despair ;
Delighting in nothing but that which is good,
She nurses her young on the altar of God.

In the north and the south, the east and the west,
The regions of darkness with lights are now blest ;
The voice of the turtle is heard through the land,
And laborers faithful are joined hand in hand ;
As reapers, go forth to the harvest of truth,
And honor the Saviour with dew's of his youth.*

* Psalm cx. 3.

H Y M N .

VARIOUS systems men have formed,
In days of old, and modern times ;
Religion by their arts adorned,
In many lands and many climes.

Turn ye the page of history o'er ;
Learn all the wisdom of the world ;
Their present creeds, and those before,
Are all in endless error hurled.

To bound the God of boundless grace
Has been the aim of *Pharisees* ;
Arm God against the human race,
Measure and fix his firm decrees.

Mad millions, in a proud pretence
Of holy worship, heavenly zeal,
Their neighbors burned in its defence ;
Nor for their sufferings could they feel.

In gods of vile, despotic reign,
Vile kings and despots would believe ;
Who could delight in *endless* pain,
Nor feel compassion to relieve.

Thus cruel kings and priests were joined,
And formed the awful league abhorred ;
With edicts chained the human mind,
And shut the kingdom of the Lord.

But, thanks to God ! our eyes behold
A light far brighter than the sun ;
A day the prophets long foretold,
Of which the ancient poets sung.

His boundless grace doth God reveal
In *Christ*, the *Head* of every man ;
His grace shall all the nations heal ;
This is the gospel's glorious plan.

“ But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness ; and all these things shall be added unto you.”—MATT.
vi. 33.

Of all the objects men pursue,
One far above the rest is prized —
More worthy is, in wisdom's view,
Than all the earth or world beside.

And this, before all other things,
Is recommended to our care ;

Because this vast attainment brings
All other blessings, rich and rare.
Nor is this treasure placed so high,
The learned only it can find ;
It is to all conditions nigh,
The rich, the poor, the unrefined.
To Heaven's power and righteousness,
Whoever, humbly, is resigned,
Doth in his treasures vast possess
All that hath power to bless mankind.

SABBATH MORNING.

My soul, is this a Sabbath morn ?
The day on which from death was born
The Saviour of mankind ?
Like Mary, early as the dawn,
My heart shall seek him who was born
From death. O may I find !
His gracious voice shall cheer my heart,
His love a balsam shall impart
To every wound I feel ;

His word is light, 't is grace and peace ;
O may it through the day increase,
And hidden things reveal !

May millions, on this happy day,
Rejoice in Him who is the way,
Who is the truth and life ;
And may the great salvation shine,
Through Jesus, who is all divine,
The end of sin and strife.

O shall we, on this joyful day,
Slumber the precious morn away,
Nor think of Him who rose ;
Who found the way from death to heaven,
Eternal life to man hath given,
And joys which never close ?

THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

WHY did the Lord of light and life
Sojourn in this dark world of sin,
Where earthly wisdom, wrath, and strife,
Aimed all their deadly shafts at him ?

Why should the innocent and pure
His bosom bare to malice vile,
And dying agonies endure,
While mocked by scoffers full of guile ?

'T was so ordained by love divine,
That there might be on earth a light ;
A Sun of Righteousness to shine,
Where all was darkness, all was night ;

That nations, which in darkness lay,
Thereby deliverance might find ;
And walk in wisdom's heavenly way,
From the vile dross of sin refined.

How gloomy would this world now be,
Should that bright, glorious star remove,
And pagan darkness, like a sea,
O'er all the earth victorious prove !

O may this star forever shine,
And people everywhere behold
Its fadeless brightness, all divine,
Whose blessings never can be told.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

LET all the powers of music join —
In one exalted chorus raise
Loud anthems to the theme divine,
And fill all heaven and earth with praise.

To us is born a Son to reign
High on a throne of grace divine,
And universal empire gain,
Through every land and every clime.

The banners of his grace, unfurled,
Shall lead to victory and peace ;
Shall raise from death a sinking world ;
Nor shall his spreading glory cease.

A flood of light his path illumines,
And enters every dark recess ;

An all-devouring flame consumes,
And makes each foe his power confess.

In council wonderful and wise,
All human wisdom shall confound ;
While death itself before him dies,
And life, and joy, and peace abound.

An everlasting Father kind,
The world shall own his matchless grace,
And every child of sorrow find
The favor of his radiant face.

A mighty God, the Prince of Peace,
Thrones, powers, dominions to him bend,
And groaning prisoners find release ;
Rebellion now shall have an end.

Let all the powers below, above,
In one harmonious anthem raise
The honors of the God of love,
And fill the universe with praise.

PRAISE THE KING OF ZION.

In matins and in vespers sing
The praises of the Lord ;
And worship give to Zion's King,
And all his deeds record.

From shining heights of glory bright,
He viewed our dark abode ;
And, on a car of dazzling light,
Down to its mansion rode.

He cast around his loving eyes
On sinful man's estate,
And felt a warm compassion rise, —
Compassion vastly great.

Down-crushed, beneath the tyrant Sin,
Humanity lay low ;
For ages had all nations been
In darkness, guilt, and woe.

An arm of strength he lifted high,
And aimed a deadly blow ;
O, then, did hell's grim tyrant die,
Then felt his overthrow !

Tidings of victory we sing,
And laud the victor's praise ;
With laurels crown fair Zion's King,
Who reigns through countless days.

THE CARRIER'S ADDRESS,

TO THE PATRONS OF THE UNIVERSALIST MAGAZINE.

KIND patrons, while others present their address,
And your favors enjoy, say, can you do less
Than give a blessing, or something to cheer
Him who wishes you a happy new year ?

Who wishes your friends may prove faithful and
true ;

Your debtors soon pay every cent that's your due ;
No losses betide you, by land or by sea ;
No sickness to pay for, no lawyer to fee ?

Your traffic and trade, may they thrive in your
hands ;

Your income increase from your houses and lands ;
May Heaven, from fire, defend all your store,
And grant you the blessing to favor the poor.

Have you erred the last year? — may that be forgiven ;

The eye that was dark see the glory of heaven ;
A wrong was there done to foe or to friend ?
O repaired be that wrong, before this shall end !

Since he that salutes you, your paper has brought,
Great favors our merciful Father has wrought ;
A luxuriant summer, a ripening fall,
And thousands of blessings for gratitude call.

But the time of sweet flowers and fruits is now
past ;
The snow, and the sleet, and the cold chilling
blast,

Unsparingly fall on the boy as he comes
To bring you a blessing to cheer your sweet homes ;

To fill you with love, and relieve you from fear ;
To give you the truth which is simple and clear ;
From the regions of error directing your eyes
To Him, who is merciful, gracious, and wise.

We have to regret that our labors are small ;
Far, very far short of our wishes they fall ;

But what we have lacked in human invention,
We hoped to supply with honest intention.

While some, out of zeal, like a Saul full of ire,
A few of our numbers have *put in the fire*,
Some hundreds of others rejoice that they see
That life and salvation to all men are free.

For gratitude, reasons cannot be denied ;
We've lived in good health, while our neighbors
have died ;

Yet mourn for the one with a name* hard and
long,

We never shall do, for the thing would be wrong.

In room of the Christian, he acted the elf ;
Remurdered poor Judas, who murdered himself :
He stole from a thief, near the confines of heaven,
A pardon, which mercy through Jesus had given.

But let us remember, imperfect are all,
And while thinking we stand, take heed lest we
fall ;

That our errors and faults may all be forgiven,
We'll pray that our foes may find mercy and
heaven.

* Kaleidoscope.

LADIES' DRESS.

The following lines were written and put into the hands of a lady, too slightly protected from the inclemency of the season, just as she was stepping into her carriage to attend a public dance.

How many dresses ladies wear,
In all of which pride has a share !
The morning dishabille appears,
And answers well for household cares :
But more complete and full attire
Their walks and afternoons require ;
To worship the great God of heaven,
More richly dressed one day in seven ;
But when in parties they appear,
A finer dress they choose to wear ;
And when to ball-rooms they advance,
And join the lively, giddy dance,
More gaudy dress becomes the scene,
Where sashes wave and spangles gleam.
But soon the sprightly hours are past,
For pleasures cannot always last ;
A cold ensues, and sickness comes,
Disorder seats upon the lungs ;

A chamber dress is now put on,
Nor changed at morn or evening sun.
But mortal sickness soon is o'er, —
The lady needs but one dress more.

THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT.

How sweet the fruit the Spirit yields !
How lasting and how fair !
No spices of Arabian fields
Can with this fruit compare.

Love grows on branches bending low ;
Joy tips each lofty spray ;
Peace all around, above, below,
Its spicy sweets convey.

Long-suffering grows and ripens here,
A cure for every grief ;
And Gentleness, forbidding fear,
Is plucked from every leaf.

Goodness in many a cluster shoots,
And Faith is green and fair ;
While Meekness, hid 'mong other fruits,
Invites her favorites there.

Here Temperance grows, a virtue bright,
And well prepares the feast ;
Here, O my soul, take thy delight,
Of all the guests the least.

GOD IS LOVE.

If God be LOVE, what angel's mind
A thousandth of his grace can scan ?
Or who by searching e'er can find
The limits of that grace to man ?

Presumptuous thought ! to bound that love
Which the whole universe combines ;
Fills earth below and heaven above,
And lives in infinite designs.

Bewildered souls, in error's night,
Presume to circumscribe this grace ;
And from their vision bar the light,
Which shines in our Redeemer's face.

If God be LOVE, his wisdom then
Has laid no scheme of wrath unkind ;

Nor will his power dispense on man
Aught but his favors well refined.

If God be LOVE, his chastening hand
No more inflicts than what he sees
Our sin-distempered hearts may mend,
And tend to give our conscience ease.

If God be LOVE, then all we see
Of his vast works, the same makes known.
Sun, moon, and earth, with every tree,
Declare the goodness of his throne.

The months, that measure round the year,
The winter's cold and summer's ray,
All testify his guardian care,
And his unfainting love display.

Yes, God is LOVE ; for the sweet flowers,
Which strew the bosom of the spring,
Dear children of the softening showers.
And birds of every plume that sing,

Declare Him LOVE ; and chide us too,
Who doubt the goodness they proclaim.
Forever shall the song be new,
That God is LOVE, and will remain.

THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

How bright that sun that makes our day !
How powerful is each quickening ray !
To distant lands and worlds unknown
His life-creating beams have flown.

The light of Christ is brighter far ;
Compared with him, the sun 's a star ;
More brilliant are his rays divine,
And with a clearer lustre shine.

More dark the regions of the soul
By Christ illumed, than the north pole,
When Sol's bright face is turned away,
And night and cold succeed the day.

And colder too are our dead hearts,
Till he his warming beams imparts ;
When into love the passions flow,
Like limpid streams from ice and snow.

Nor more impartial is the sun
To planets which around him turn,
Than Christ, whose universal love
Fills earth below, and heaven above.

See earth, discharged from winter's cold,
Soft zephyrs breathe, and buds unfold ;
The fields and meadows dressed in green,
Sweet birds are heard and flowers seen.

But greater freedom do we find
When Christ unbars the imprisoned mind ;
And softer graces breathe within,
When grace subdues the power of sin.

And more melodious songs are sung,
And sweeter graces too, among
The converts to the gospel theme,
Than lilies in the valleys green.

THE POWER OF DARKNESS.

WHEN the blest light of day declines,
And night with murky clouds combines,
The pilgrim oft his way mistakes ; —
For the wrong road the right forsakes.

The toils of error now come on,
The pilgrim's hope of rest is gone ;
Briers and thorns infest the ground,
And beasts of prey are howling round.

Grim spectres gleam before his eyes ;
Despairing thoughts within him rise ;
His useless eye-balls start and glare,
And fancy sees destruction there.

An ignis-fatuus in the glen
To the lone wanderer proves a gin ;
He follows the deceptive fire,
And helpless sinks in fatal mire.

But superstition's darker gloom
Has caused our wandering hearts to roam
Far from the light of truth divine,
Where love and grace forever shine.

And more severe the toils we find,
Far more distressed the fearful mind ;
And ranker grow the briers of grief,
The thorns of strife and unbelief ;

And far more horrid is the yell
That stuns our ears with death and hell ;
More frightful spectres too are seen
In error's wild, disordered dream ;

And more deceptive is the fire
Which false religious views inspire ;
And deeper mire is in the glen
Of error, unbelief, and sin.

A SABBATH'S ENTERTAINMENT.

HARK ! hark ! the bells ring ; 't is the Sabbath of
rest ;

The lovers of Jesus to-day shall be blest ;
And Zion's bright glory shall make a display,
For we 'll be united, dear Christians, to-day.

Come away to the house where anthems are sung,
Where praises of Jesus employ every tongue ;
The word of salvation shall make a display,
And we 'll be united, dear Christians, to-day.

Come fathers, and mothers, come daughters, and
sons,

To meet us the light of salvation now comes ;
Bright smiles of the Saviour shall make a display,
And we 'll be united, dear Christians, to-day.

No dread shall afflict us, nor sorrow come near ;
From doubts and from darkness our souls shall
be clear ;

For pardoning mercy shall make a display,
And we'll be united, dear Christians, to-day.

All the foes of the cross no obtrusion shall make ;
By praying and singing their force we will break ;
For faith in the Saviour shall make a display,
And we'll be united, dear Christians, to-day.

Call, call on the Lord, for his mercy is free ;
In saving of sinners, his justice we see ;
EXTENSIVE SALVATION shall make a display,
And we'll be united, dear Christians, to-day.

The name of the Saviour all hearts shall combine ;
'T is sweeter than honey, 't is better than wine ;
Each heart of devotion his love shall display,
And we'll be united, dear Christians, to-day.

As dews that descend, in the silence of night,
On daisies and roses with gentleness light ;
So reproofs of the word a favor display,
And we'll be united, dear Christians, to day.

P R A Y E R .

MAY that kind Wisdom's piercing eye,
Which scans events, and knows their end,
Whose tender mercies never die,
To my weak heart its favor lend.

Give me to feel as Jesus prayed,
When on the cross he bleeding hung ;
When all his foes their wrath displayed,
And with their spite his bosom stung.

Till death he loved his foes, and said,
Father, forgive ; then groaned and died ;
And when arisen from the dead,
His mercy to their souls applied.

For such a heart and such a love,
Kind Lord, I raise my soul to thee ;
O pour thy spirit from above,
That I may like my Saviour be !

REDEMPTION.

THE sun, which through creation shines,
Through every land and nation,
Is but an emblem of that grace,
The grace of man's redemption.

The rain, that falls in gentle showers,
And blesses every nation,
Is a true emblem of that grace,
The grace of man's redemption.

The dews, which fall in blessings rich
On every land and nation,
Are emblems, too, of that rich grace,
The grace of man's redemption.

The rivers, which from mountains flow,
Through vales in every nation,
Are emblems fair of grace divine,
The grace of man's redemption.

DIVINE LOVE.

THE outward world our eyes behold
Shows forth its Maker's power ;
The changes, which we see, unfold
That goodness we adore.

Consummate wisdom, robed in light,
Her sceptre wide displays ;
And every star that gilds the night
Its gentle power obeys.

And when that Wisdom's eye is seen,
It mirrors forth to view,
On mountains high, in valleys green,
And in the rain and dew ;

And in all creatures, high and low,
On earth and in the sea,
In heights above, in depths below,
The LOVE of Deity.

The world, invisible to sight,
The inward world, unseen,
Is radiant with celestial light,
And so has ever been.

The seraphim, around the throne
Of Him who rules above,
Have never, in his presence, known
A power, but that of love.

The day of love is unbegun,
Will last eternally;
Should time wear out the stars and sun,
Would fill immensity.

Though darkness veil the plan divine
From mortal vision here,
Fast hastens on the promised time
When love will make it clear.

BURNING OF THE LEXINGTON.

THE many, from refreshments
And social converse sweet,
Arose, with those endearments
Enjoyed where many meet.

The sun had left his empire;
The moon her sceptre swayed;
All felt a strong desire
Onward to be conveyed.

On board was manhood's vigor ;
Beauty and wit were there :
And fathers, mothers, lover ;
All filled with hope and care.

Some for their homes were longing,
And some on business bound ;
They here and there were thronging,
When lo, there came a sound !

A voice was heard complaining,
" Our boat is all on fire !
See there ! behold it flaming !
And now it rises higher ! "

Dismay and awful horror,
Keen anguish and despair,
With eyes of grief and sorrow,
Beheld destruction there !

Now iron hearts are failing ;
All human skill is vain ;
And shrieks, and cries, and wailing,
Are all that now remain.

That scream was from a mother, —
 “O save my drowning child!”
The curls of smoke now smother
 The frantic and the wild.

The moon and stars, in mourning,
 Looked on this scene of fire;
And ocean's waves lay groaning
 Beneath those flames so dire.

But O, the bitter anguish
 Of dying thoughts, in those
Who left their friends to languish,
 No living mortal knows!

Let all whose hearts are bleeding,
 Beneath this heavy stroke,
To Jesus come, believing,
 And take his easy yoke.

Your burdens he will lighten;
 The gloom of death destroy;
The star of hope will brighten,
 And turn your grief to joy.

THE WORLD REGENERATED.

JESUS is laid in Joseph's tomb,
And night spreads o'er the land ;
The little flock are wrapped in gloom,
That fearful, mourning band.

But, lo ! He rises from the dead,
Immortal Prince of Peace ;
And joyful tidings now are spread,
And ever shall increase.

Then forth from Salem went the sound ;
On wings of wind it flew ;
The tidings glad were spread around ;
The world was born anew.

Thy cities, O Immanuel,
Received the joyful news !
It fell as gentle rains distil,
Or like refreshing dews.

Nor did the ancient nations' bounds
Impede its rapid flight ;
The sun which sent his rays around
Was a resistless light.

The Roman eagle saw its blaze,
Nor could endure its fire ;
The heathen gods are in amaze,
And all their rites expire.

From mountain cut, a living stone
Fills the wide earth and sea ;
The pride and power of kings are gone,
And the oppressed are free.

No dream is this, of fancy's mould,
But truth divine and sure ;
A doctrine pure, by seers foretold,
And ever shall endure.

A FERVENT DESIRE.

Come thou, who in thy fulness art
A heaven of peace and love,
And raise this lowly, sunken heart,
To thy blest heights above.

For thou hast given thy child below
These strong desires to rise.

And taste those streams of life which flow
In fields above the skies.

Thou wilt not mock my humble prayer,
Breathed by thy spirit's fire ;
But open the sweet vision fair, —
The vision I desire.

I see, I see its glory bright !
A blissful region fair ;
It fills me with a sweet delight ;
O, grant me entrance there !

A RURAL VISIT.

THE noon was past, the sun was bright ; —
With those I loved with fond delight,
I called to see a much loved friend,
To throw off cares, — as we unbend
The bow of yew, its strength to shield, —
And wander through orchard and field,
To note what each was like to yield,
And how the farmer laid his plans —
The use he made of all his lands ;
What prospects lay in hope's bright eye,

Of coming harvest, wheat and rye ;
Nor did we pass the garden by.

His domicil was neat and clean ;
Fit for the yeoman's wife, or queen
Of any realm on this wide earth,
Or princes of the highest birth.

Well pleased with the whole prospect round,
But better pleased when it was found
That on these premises there lay
No debt or mortgage, which one day
Might turn my friend and wife away.

The board was spread with needed cheer,
And kindly eyes invited near
All present, to regale most free,
And take a social cup of tea.

Now all was tranquil, and no fears
Came rushing on our eyes or ears ;
Of friendship's nectar supped we,
From every apprehension free.

The sound of thunder ! It is so !
And now the wind begins to blow.

Gusts after gusts now rush amain,
Bending the trees on hill and plain.
Look out ! behold how dark that cloud !
The heavens are dressed in a black shroud,
With lightnings sharp and thunders loud,
As if the waters of the sea
Collected had their majesty,
Combined with wind and lightning's power,
To give the earth a fearful shower.

O, how sublime that scene appeared !
All looked with wonder, and some feared.
Before the pressure of the wind,
Tall trees their mighty strength resigned ;
And, bowed to earth, recumbent lay,
To mark the wonders of that day.

But troubled elements, we find,
Are all controlled by Power most kind ;
For He, who formed the world, doth ride
On clouds and winds, and does preside
O'er all of elemental strife,
And over all things which have life.

As the fleet steed from forest wild,
When broke, is gentle, meek, and mild,

So fierce winds, when restrained, do seem
Gentle as whispers in a dream.
And that dark cloud, so full of dread,
Like drapery now lies outspread ;
And on its murky folds appear
The glories of the rainbow near.

That wondrous sight ! who can behold
Its various hues, its brilliant gold,
Its rising arch, and pleasing form,
Which tell the ceasing of the storm, —
This token God has placed in heaven
Of promises to mortals given, —
And not devotion's spirit feel,
And grateful at his altar kneel ?

And now a scene of glory bright
Precedes the setting sun at night ;
More brilliant and more charming far
Than is the longed-for morning star.
It must remain fresh to my eyes
Till this frail body sinks and dies.

The waving grass, all washed and clean,
Blushing with blossoms fresh and green,

Loaded with pearly drops of rain,
Lay in the sunbeams o'er the plain ;
And in those myriad drops were seen
All nature's colors brightly gleam.
Entranced I saw, and could but feel
A spirit strangely o'er me steal ;
It taught me in those drops to see
The wisdom of the Deity.

Old Homer sang of hero gods,
And battle fields of gory floods,
Of blood, all drawn from human veins,
And nations bowed in iron chains :
Could he have seen this charming sight,
Displayed in varied rays of light,
And seen in them the God of love,
And felt his spirit in him move,
How soft and sweet had been his lays,
If sung in the Creator's praise !

J E S U S .

"But of him are ye in Christ, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption."—1 Cor. i. 30.

JESUS is our wisdom made ;
Jesus, wisdom from above ;
Why should we then be afraid ?
Jesus, he is full of love.

Jesus is our righteousness ;
He 's the righteousness of God ;
He is made our wedding dress ;
We are washed in Jesus' blood.

Sanctified in Jesus, we
Spotless are before the throne ;
From pollution we are free ;
Holy in the Holy One.

Our redemption Jesus is
From the bondage of our sin ;
He is ours, and we are his ;
Let us never sin again.

Raise a song to Jesus' name,
Praise him for redeeming grace ;
Love should kindle to a flame,
While we bow before his face.

CHANGES.

WONDROUS changes in our clime
Have on each other pressed ;
Though scarcely noticed in their time,
Are great must be confessed.

Within the memory of man
The change is great indeed ;
And though the time is but a span,
To look we only need,

To see that what was once esteemed,
As laudable and wise,
Would now make decent men ashamed,
And is by all despised.

From days of yore we make no draught,
When priests could witches hang ;
And when it suited well their craft
To press beneath their ban

The honest Quaker, who could see,
In outward forms and rite,
What God esteems idolatry,
And loathsome in his sight.

Within our day, too, well we know
The Baptists were despised,
And scorned, as something mean and low ;
Too low to ever rise.

By those in power they were oppressed ;
Their rights were disallowed ;
And by the clergy made a jest,
And to the dust were bowed.

But, like the cedar straight and high,
Now quite erect they stand ;
Their equal rights none dare deny,
In this our happy land.

The Methodists were once the scorn
Of Levite and the priest ;
And looked on as plebeian born,
Yea, treated as a jest.

How great the change which now we see,
And grateful to our eyes !

The lowly shrub became a tree ;
Its rights no one denies.

The Orthodox and Baptist now
With Methodist combine ;
Willing each other to allow
A fellowship divine.

Some little change we hope may come —
A change for which we pray ;
When all these churches may be one
In Christ, who is the way.

Of all the changes in our clime,
Which in our day have been,
That truth, that blessed truth divine,
The end of death and sin —

The final holiness and bliss
Of all the human race, —
Hath wrought the greatest. None like **this**
Is founded on that grace

Which God in Christ on man bestowed,
And made the blessing sure ;
That grace which hath forever flowed,
And ever will endure.

When first this doctrine was proclaimed,
It caused no small surprise ;
It was by pious priests disdained,
As monstrous in their eyes !

It fired the learned clergy all
With zeal to put it down ;
And, like a persecuting Saul,
They met it with a frown.

And then from pulpits thunders came
Perhaps some lightning too ;
And hell below was made to flame
With terrors not a few.

That Satan had contrived his last
Base error, to beguile
Weak mortals, and to hold them fast
In sin and practice vile,

Was everywhere declared a truth ;
And warnings loud were given,
To fathers, mothers, and to youth,
Who had a wish for heaven,

Never to lend an ear to hear
This doctrine so abhorred ;

But watch and stand in constant fear,
Lest they offend the Lord.

How wicked, too, those preachers were,
In pious people's eyes,
Who did impartial grace declare,
As if they uttered lies !

Such views and horrors, in our day,
Have changed their aspect wild,
And seem about to pass away,
Becoming tame and mild.

Patience, dear reader ; one change more
I mention with delight ;
Scripture reads not as heretofore,
But with a clearer light.

That endless woe, which once was seen
In almost every line,
Has gone, like a departed dream,
Dispelled by light divine.

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

IN thee, O Lord, though formed of dust,
I place my confidence and trust.
But can mere earth put trust in thee,
Because 't is organized like me ?

Or do all creatures of the earth,
Of sea and air, thou givest birth,
Look up to thee, and in thee place
Their hopes, as do the human race ?

The question labors in my mind ;
Wilt thou assist, that I may find
The truth ; and on that truth rely
While life remains, and when I die ?

What art thou, Lord ? I long to know ;
Wilt thou on me the gift bestow,
To understand the laws which bind
My soul to thy eternal mind ?

Art thou a spirit, wise and just,
And man composed of naught but dust ?
O what relation can there be
Between an earthly worm and thee !

Hast thou revealed thy truth, O Lord ?
And can we read it in thy word ?
Then, surely, there in man must be
A spirit which pertains to thee.

Thy word sets forth the truth divine,
That men are *children*, Lord, of thine ;
Dependent on thy power and will,
And must thy purposes fulfil.

MY NATIVE RICHMOND.

THERE are no hills in Hampshire New,
Nor valleys half so fair,
As those outspread before our view,
In merry Richmond, where

I first my mortal race began,
And spent my youthful days ;
Where first I saw the golden sun,
And felt his 'livening rays.

There is no spot in Richmond, where
Fond memory loves to dwell,
As on the glebe outspreading there
In Ballou's blithesome dell.

There are no birds which sing so well
As those upon the spray,
Where, from the brow of grassy hill,
Comes forth the morning ray.

Unnumbered flowers, the pride of spring,
Are born to flourish there,
And round their mellow odors fling,
On all the ambient air.

There purling streams have charms for me,
Which vulgar brooks ne'er give ;
And winds breathe sweeter down the lea
Than where magnolias live.

NOTHING .

“ All nations before him are as nothing ; and they are counted to him less than nothing, and vanity.” — Isaiah xl. 17.

NOTHINGs, how many earth supplies !
Nothings which charm the many's eyes ;
Nothings for which the many sigh ;
Nothings for which so many die.
Nations are nothings ; yea, and less,
And ruled by nothings, we confess.

Thrones, crowns, and sceptres, nothings are ;
All now on earth, like those that were.
Nothings, called riches, take the lead ;
And nothings are they all indeed.
That nothing, fame, which spreads its wings,
And kingdoms unto nothing brings,
Can nothing but its plume bestow,
And that is nothing, heroes know.
Nothings made up in robes so fine,
And worn by nothings, brightly shine.
Beauty is nothing, though desired
So much by nothings, and admired.
Pleasures are nothing ; yet how bland
These nothings are ! the gay, the grand,
Such nothings love, and for them strive ;
Yet from these nothings naught derive.

S U B S T A N C E .

“That I may cause those that love me to inherit substance ;
and I will fill their treasures.” — Prov. viii. 21.

WISDOM Divine can substance give ;
Substance on which the soul can live.
Substance is found in all her ways,
Riches and honor, length of days.
Her love is substance to the mind ;
And those who love her substance find.
Truth is substance, precious, pure ;
Such substance ever will endure.
I see this substance in his face,
Who gave it to the human race.
A glorious substance, be it mine,
And may it ever in me shine.
May I this substance never lose,
Until in death my eyes shall close.
My spirit may this substance raise
To enjoy divine through endless days.

UNIVERSAL PRAISE.

“All thy works praise thee, O Lord.” — Psalm clxv. 10.

THE heavens praise their Author's skill,
And speak his power divine ;
While all their shining hosts fulfil
His orders and design.

The blushing hues of opening day
Indite a hymn of praise ;
While thousand voices catch the lay,
And loud the pæan raise.

The golden beams that flood the sky,
From Sol's uncovered face,
And speak in every dew-drop's eye,
Display their Maker's grace.

The mountains, hills, and valleys wide,
With all their waters sweet ;
Gardens and orchards in their pride,
The hymn of praise repeat.

The sea, the wide, the open sea,
With all its caverns deep ;
Its glittering gems no eye can see,
In coral fields that sleep ;

Its raging waves, its ruthless tide,
Which rush on every shore,
And distant continents divide,
Praise God, and him adore.

The elements, by a control
Ordained by power divine,
Obedient move from pole to pole,
And in the concert join.

When stormy winds sweep o'er the deep,
And rage along the shore ;
When hail, and rain, and snow, and sleet,
In fearful torrents roar ;

And vessels dashed upon the strand,
Deriding human skill ;
These all confess that powerful hand ;
The will divine fulfil.

Each season of the rolling year
Proclaims its Author's ways ;
And all combine, as one, to rear
A monument of praise.

HEALING POWER OF LOVE.

"Purge me with hyssop." — Psalm li. 7.

AN hyssop grows in Eden's bowers,
Moistened with dews, and wet with showers;
A panacea for the soul;
'T was planted there in nature's spring,
A holy, never-dying thing,
Our wayward passions to control.

'T will purge the leprosy of sin,
And purify the heart within,
And even bring the dead to life.
Its odors shed, the air perfumes
With sweetness, while the mind assumes
A heavenly calmness, free from strife.

Bright angels guard the herb divine,
And place its leaves around the shrine,
Devoted to the throne above.
The sun of righteousness his rays
Most mildly to the plant conveys;
Its name is EVERLASTING LOVE.

LINES

PRESENTED WITH A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

To Him who gave to Time his wings,
And rolls the seasons round ;
Who to us every blessing brings,
Let gratitude abound.

This New Year's day should us remind
Of how our time we've spent ;
What done to approbate we find,
Or what we should relent.

If in the past some wrongs we find, —
As find we surely do —
To the contrite our God is kind,
And will their hearts renew.

Wisdom will teach us how to make
Our errors work our good ;
For blest are they who do forsake
Their wrongs, and turn to God.

Now, on this New Year's day, may we
Good resolutions frame,
To live from sin and folly free,
And the true riches gain.

Another New Year's day should we,
On earth, each other greet,
No pains or sickness may we see,
Nor disappointments meet.

DEPENDENCE ON AND TRUST
IN GOD.

ON all things in our world around
Is written mystery profound,
Beyond our intellect to scan ;
Within our vision's scope we see
The impress of the Deity,
Transcending all the powers of man.

We see the monarch of the day,
We see the planets on their way ;
Are filled with wonder and surprise !
Imagination takes its flight
Beyond the shining orbs of night ;
Its onward course no bound denies.

When stretched as far as thought can go,
The mind returns ; and well we know
How small, how impotent we are.

The drop that's in the ocean deep,
Where coral rocks in darkness sleep,
Depends on the Almighty's care

No more than we, who vainly boast
Of wisdom, power; and think almost
That we can fix our destiny.
To Him, who rules creation wide,
Our destiny we may confide,
The Father of eternity.

PRAISE THE LORD.

COMPOSED FOR A FAVORITE TUNE.

PRAISE the Lord, your voices joining,
Praise the Lord, your voices joining,
Laud the blest, the Holy One,
Whose glory is forever shining.

The wondrous glories of the day;
The feathered tribes so sweetly singing,
Declare the honors of his name,
And send them through creation ringing.
Praise the Lord, &c.

The smiling beauties of his face
We nightly see, all brightly shining
In the moon and twinkling stars,
Wisdom divine with power combining.

Praise the Lord, &c.

He breathes in zephyrs mild and bland,
O'er valleys wide, in beauty glowing;
He clothes the lilies in their pride,
Beside the streamlets gently flowing.

Praise the Lord, &c.

In fruitful fields and gardens green
His goodness ever is abounding;
Then let us all in hymns of praise,
Our voices join, high praise resounding.

Praise the Lord, your voices joining;
Praise the Lord, your voices joining;
Laud the blest, the Holy One,
Whose glory is forever shining.

DEATH NOT TO BE FEARED.

WHY call we Death to man a foe ?

Why should we fear to die ?

Does heavenly wisdom teach us so ?

Let us the question try.

Is he of independent might ?

Does he himself sustain ?

These questions, if we answer right,

Will make our subject plain.

See ye his scythe, his dart, his spear ?

Who placed them in his hand ?

Know this, and give the winds your fear ;

Dauntless before him stand.

Death is a messenger of God ;

And God is love, we know ;

Nothing can come from him but good ;

No enmity can flow.

Death only comes when he is sent,

Commissioned from on high ;

And all his weapons, too, are lent ;

Why fear we then to die ?

Death comes a friend to mortal man,
To set his spirit free ;
Nor he, nor any creature, can
Reverse the blest decree.

Had Death on us an evil eye,
Would he our pains remove,
And set our spirits free to fly
To peaceful realms above ?

Unkind were Death, he would delay
Our sufferings all to end,
And let us in our anguish stay,
Nor his assistance lend.

Teach not your children, parents dear,
To dread what God may send ;
Nor fill their tender hearts with fear
Of Him who is their friend.

H Y M N .

You, in riches who abound,
To this humble claim give ear ;
Spread your charity around,
Wipe from sorrow's eye the tear.

Unto him your money lend,
Who does all your treasures give ;
To the poor a portion send ;
Let your hungry brother live.

See in yonder lane the cot
Where the couch of sickness lies ;
Where the staff of life is not,
Hear the hungry children's cries.

Bright those jewels of the skies
Which in sable darkness glow ;
Brighter, in compassion's eyes,
Are the silent tears which flow.

Sweet the odors from the fields,
Where abundant spices grow ;
Sweeter far is that which yields
Comfort to the sick and low.

Grateful are those gentle dew
On the fainting grass which fall;
Far more grateful what renews
Comforts to the poor who call.

IN REFERENCE TO CAPITAL
PUNISHMENT.

If in the heart the virus dwell
Of murder, can we that expel
By dire revenge? or shall we find
We miss the law that governs mind?

To quench a flame should we engage,
And fuel add, behold the rage!
Now fiercer still the flame ascends,
And fear with consternation blends.

Man kills his neighbor; — why? because
His passions rise against the laws
Which God hath written in his soul,
Unmanned the man, and made a fool.

To cure this evil, now the law,
With tiger's rage and open jaw,
Cries out for blood, — for blood it cries,
Seizes the culprit, and he dies.

Two men are dead in room of one ;
And now the work is but begun ;
The virus spreads ; and everywhere
The deadly taint fills all the air.

And murder now becomes more rife ;
Lightly esteemed is human life ;
And he who could not just before
Now coolly looks on human gore.

Revenge is wrong ; cannot subdue
The vile affections ; but renew
Their action to a flame most dire,
To rage like a consuming fire.

When will our legislators learn
That blessed, heavenly truth discern —
When will it well be understood
That evil is o'ercome with good ?

J. J. B.

HERO OF TRUTH.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO REV. H.
BALLOU.

Nobly the warrior stood,
Strong in his battle might;
And his voice rang clear through the solemn wood,
Where the watch-fire flashed its light.
The startled panther sprang up and fled,
And the serpent crept away,
For he feared a bruise on his venomed head
From a weapon strong to slay.

But the birds sang wild and sweet,
Above the warrior's head,
And the wild flowers clustered around his feet,
And bowed at his lordly tread,
And far in the wilderness sang the streams,
With ominous tones and deep;
They had wakened his soul from the fitful dreams,
That haunted its morning sleep.

And nobly now he stood,
Strong in his battle might,

For the cause that nerved him was *human good*,
The Noble, the True, the Right !
At the frown of the haughty he trembled not,
Nor shrunk from the eye of scorn ;
For his soul was girded to meet the lot
For which he was nobly born.

With a weapon dyed in blood,
Old giant Error rose ;
He had fought and conquered before the flood,
And who dared now oppose ?
As Apollyon fought, in the lonely vale,
With the Pilgrim worn and weak,
So Error fought, in his coat of mail,
With the youth of the beardless cheek.

As the Philistine giant strove,
With his sword, and spear, and shield,
'Gainst the youth who came in the name of Jove,
To battle in Elah's field ;
So Error, the giant of centuries' growth,
With scorn on his lip at play,
Came out 'gainst the stripling whose sling was
truth,
And vowed him to death a prey !

But the battle was still the Lord's !
And the hosts of the giant fled,
Leaving behind, with their broken swords,
Their champion, Error, *dead !*
While the army of Israel, firm and strong,
Shout "Victory !" loud and high ;
And the valleys ring with the triumph-song,
"Thus Error shall *ever* die !"

And now the warrior rests ;
Peace on his reverend head !
Peace, 'mid the tumult of waving crests,
And an army's thundering tread !
Peace, while he gazes in proud delight
On the youthful champions round !
He hath run the race — he hath fought the fight,
Let the HERO OF TRUTH be CROWNED !

SHIRLEY VILLAGE, MASS.

S. C. E.

LINES

Suggested by the article entitled "HERO OF TRUTH," in the
"Trumpet" of the 31st ult.

How sweet those moving sounds which float

Through the elastic air !

From Shirley Village comes each note,

Sung by the village fair.

Her hand has wove a garland bright,

And placed it on the brow

Of the most humble in the fight

For truth, which triumphs now.

Will jealous envy, think ye, frown,

And of these lays complain ?

Will superstition, cowl and gown,

Cast on the maid disdain ?

Bright eyes beheld, in Elah's vale,

The haughty giant stand ;

They saw the host of Israel quail

Before his glittering brand.

Then prayers went up to God, defied ;

Matrons and maidens prayed ;

The fervent prayer was not denied,

Nor was relief delayed.

A beardless youth, to their surprise,
With neither sword nor shield,
Who on the Holy Name relies,
Now boldly takes the field.

Fain would the giant daunt the youth,
And spurn him from his sight ;
A stranger to the power of truth,
With truth he dared to fight.

One stroke, unerring, laid him low,
And shouts of victory rose,
And taught the enemy to know
The strength he would oppose.

Then in the dance, with tabrets sweet,
Matrons and maidens sung,
And did the hero warmly greet,
While joyful music rung.

If Zion's daughters, then, of yore,
Crowned the triumphant youth,
Should not her maidens now much more
Laud Heaven's victorious truth ?

ON THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

—Psalm ciii. 2.

LET all things praise the Lord on high,
Who rules the earth, and sea, and sky;
Whose laws the elements control,
And all the planets as they roll.

The varied seasons of the year
E'er to his holy will adhere;
And manifest the watchful love
Which sits enthroned in worlds above.

When winter, with its icy chains,
Wide o'er the earth in rigor reigns,
And lakes and rivers lie concealed,
And herds and flocks forsake the field;

And when the snow has robed the ground,
And not a smiling flower is found,—
A thousand comforts then appear,
A large supply of richest cheer.

The winter eve enjoyment brings,
Drawn from unnumbered flowing springs;

And has its hours of sweet delight,
Which welcome each returning night.

And when returns the balmy spring,
And open flowers their odors fling
From fields and gardens on the air,
All nature smiles, for God is there.

See, with his implements of toil,
Brown labor wears a cheerful smile ;
While to his purpose yields the glebe,
And in its bosom takes the seed.

Sweet is the air the zephyr breathes,
And charming are the opening leaves ;
Enchanting, too, are birds which sing
The honors of returning spring.

The summer months, without delay,
With heat intense, and lengthened day,
Accomplish now Jehovah's will,
And the whole earth with plenty fill.

How most inviting is the scene
Around us spread ! how bright the green
And yellow fields, which promise fair,
A rich reward for labor's care !

Now autumn, in its plenty, brings
A large supply of precious things,
Which fill our markets flowing o'er,
To feed the wealthy and the poor.

For these sweet seasons of delight
Let Him be praised who makes them bright ;
Nor let a day nor hour be spent
Without devout acknowledgment.

O praise Him, who such goodness shows,
Whose favor like a river flows ;
Let gratitude each heart inspire
With pure devotion's holy fire.

Still greater mercies to our race,
From an exhaustless font of grace,
Flow in living stream forever,
From God's throne, a mighty river.

When all was desert, drought, and sin,
And life divine unknown to men,
He smote the Rock, and lo, behold !
A full supply for all the fold.

Hear, now, the gospel's trumpet sound,
From shore to shore the world around,
Freedom from sin and death proclaim,
In Christ, the great Redeemer's name.

He who hath conquered death and sin,
And righteousness divine brought in,
His sceptre o'er the world shall sway,
Till all his enemies obey.

Let glory unto God be given,
By all on earth and all in heaven;
And may this holy worship be
An everlasting jubilee.

LINES.

I LOVE the glory of the morn,
Displayed in orient ray,
When from the ocean's wave is born
The father of the day.

I love the warmer beam of noon,
Which opens every flower,

And sits the dye on every bloom
In Nature's rosy bower.

I love the milder evening beam,
Which glitters through the trees,
When lunar beams are broader seen,
And sweetens every breeze.

And yet a glory I have seen,
Far brighter than the morn ;
It is the light of Zion's King,
For man's salvation born.

The virtues tinged by his bright ray
Surpass each opening flower,
Which blushes to the noon of day,
In Nature's rosy bower.

Nor does the setting sun display
Such sweet, such softening charms,
As the bright hope of glory's day,
Which tyrant Death disarms.

HUNGERING AND THIRSTING
AFTER RIGHTEOUSNESS.

MAKE me to hunger, O my God,
For righteousness divine ;
Increase my thirst, thou only good,
For love's sweet flowing wine.

From noisome dregs of sin and strife
Wilt thou my soul set free,
That I may taste those streams of life
Which gently flow from thee.

Inwrought within this heart of mine,
May thy rich favors grow,
And all my powers to thee incline,
The more of thee to know.

Then, freed from sin, and blest in thee,
My longing soul shall prove
The fruit of life's unfading tree,
And fulness of thy love.

· LOVE ALLOWS NO COMPULSION.

NEED fear compel me to behold
A beauteous form and neat ?
Or must the hungry man be told
Of hell, to make him eat ?

Talk we of sweetness to the taste,
Or beauty to the eye ?
Pure virtue's flavor is the best,
Most brilliant, too, its dye.

Hast thou, my son, her lovely form
Seen in a mirror bright ?
All other beauties treat with scorn,
But make *her* thy delight.

Around thy neck, like chains of gold,
Her mildest rays shall shine,
And to thy longing heart unfold
Her treasures all divine.

ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY. -

LET grateful millions join to raise,
In Freedom's song, Jehovah's praise,
Who gave our nation birth ;
Who laid the oppressive tyrant low,
And broke the savage warrior's bow,
And freedom gave to earth.

Our starry banners wave in air,
While manly youth and virgins fair
Learn Independence' song ;
And sing Oppression's broken chain,
And shout fair Freedom's gentle reign,
Whose laws are mild but strong.

Her sacred fire our fathers caught,
Through seas of blood our heroes fought,
To plant her in our land ;
And we, their sons, rejoice to see
The fruit and blossoms of the tree
Which shall forever stand.

When foreign and internal foes
Against our independence rose,
To fell fair Freedom's tree ;

Her genius fired a million hearts,
And winged as many fatal darts,
To sink them in the sea.

With joy we see, among the great,
A hero fill the chair of state,
Who fought for liberty ;
To union has our state restored,
Our shattered bark has safely moored,
And loves to see us free.

From zone to zone, and round the earth,
May Freedom give the nations birth,
And break Oppression's chain ;
May olive Peace her garlands weave,
Long as the mighty waters wave,
And hold her gentle reign.

H Y M N .

“He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.” — Psalm cxlvii. 3.

To the heart that is broken with grief,
And tortured with wounds deep and sore,
Thy mercy, O Lord, gives relief,
Thy grace is the balm that can cure.

The tear in the penitent eye,
Like the dew on the plant that was dying,
Shall quicken to life, and a sigh
Recall the hope that was flying.

Despair is thy plasm of grace,
In the soul thy image to form ;
As the hues of the bow have their place
On the blackness and darkness of storm.

All broken and wounded, undone,
Neither priest nor Levite can cure ;
Should the goodly Samaritan come,
My life and my health are secure.

THOUGHTS ON THE SUN.

WHY not my Saviour shine as bright,
With his refulgent rays ?

Why not my God extend his light
In one eternal blaze ?

Why not all darkness flee away,
And death no more be found ?

Why not one bright eternal day
Encircle us around ?

Is there not goodness in the Lord
Enough to overcome ? —

Is there not power enough in God
To bring the strangers home ?

Why not my Saviour victory gain
O'er every hardened heart,
And reconcile the whole to him,
And never leave a part ?

Was not an ancient promise made,
When God created man ?
And what can ever be displayed
To overthrow his plan ?

When everything shall hear his voice,
He makes an end of sin ;
Will not the angels more rejoice
When all are gathered in ?

The luminous sun extends his light
To all the human race ; —
Will not my Saviour make as bright
The kingdom of his grace ?

PARTIAL DOCTRINE DISPROVED.

Good Doctor, you tell me election is true —
That Jehovah decreed all that he foreknew ;
And as it is certain that some go to hell,
In regions of darkness forever to dwell,
This was the design the Creator proposed,
As clearly he has by the Scriptures disclosed.

And some go to heaven, when hence they depart,
Their passage secure ; and, swift as a dart,
Through regions of ether they shout on their way,
To realms of bright glory and mansions of day.

All this was decreed ere creation began,
Concerted by wisdom, which shines in the plan.

Now, doctor, I doubt it, and ask you to say,
Who created the sun, the glory of day ?
Sir, answer directly, and say, if you can, —
He made the sun, who's the Creator of man.
Then false is your system I easily prove,
Impartial the sun, its Creator is Love.

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE AND VISION OF HOPE.

SEE life on the ocean of time,
How it flits from billow to wave ;
Like the beam of a star see it shine —
And now it is lost in the grave !

A wind from the east past along,
And hurried the waves of the deep ;
The bark in a moment was gone ;
The wanderer sunk into sleep !

A murmuring noise in mine ear
Inclined the glance of mine eye —

All still — life had fled, but a tear
Remained ; it was born from a sigh.

Behold in that tear a bright ray,
Disclosing a vision divine,
And opening the glory of day,
Forever and ever to shine.

LINES.

“ Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells
of salvation.” — Isaiah xii. 3.

In the wisdom of God we have found a sweet
pool,
Where the waters are flowing to comfort the soul.
O come, then, ye thirsty ; come, ye dying, and
live ;
Life, joy, peace, and salvation, this wisdom can
give.

O, the law of the Lord is a fountain of truth ;
'T is a comfort to age, 't is a guide to the youth ;
Then to the law, ye lost and weary ones, come ;
Here the stranger, the pilgrim, shall find a sweet
home.

Living streams of salvation and wells of delight
Are promises all, when they are brought to our
sight ; —

To the promises come, as to fountains of joy ;
Drink deep of these waters, for they never can
cloy.

The hope of the gospel is a well-spring of life ;
Here the gloom of despair and doubts end their
strife ;

Ye doubting ones, come to the hope of salvation,
And never more part with divine consolation.

See, the Rock of salvation is smitten, and lo,
Streams of pity and mercy abundantly flow !
Come, then, to the Rock, O ye guilty, forgiven,
These waters flow freely ; the fountain is heaven.

See the judgments of God, as clouds darken the
air ;

But why should we tremble if salvation is there ?
These clouds, though so dark, shall soon in bless-
ings descend ;

For God is our lawgiver, judge, saviour, and
friend.

All nations, all people, forever and ever
United in bands, such as nothing can sever,
With joy we will draw from the wells of salvation
The waters of life and of sweet consolation.

THE CARRIER'S ADDRESS

TO THE PATRONS OF THE UNIVERSALIST
MAGAZINE, JANUARY 1, 1825.

As the lark hails the morn, and the turtle the
spring,
I would hail the New Year in the offering I bring ;
May peace, joy, and comfort, with its days all
increase ;
From strife, sin, and sorrow, millions find a
release ;
And you, my kind patrons, all abundantly prove
The favors of wisdom and the riches of love.

While cold winter remains, and the season of
snows,
May your dwellings afford you delight and repose.

When the sun shall call forth the bud and the
flower,

And young zephyrs shall wanton through forest
and bower,

Then, as blithe as the birds that carol on the
sprays,

May you bask in the sun, and be blest in his
rays.

May summer and autumn all their luxuries yield,
All the fruits of the orchard, the pasture and field ;
While with health, and with plenty, and all
earthly good,

You are blest to the full, then remember your
God.

Should I speak of past scenes from the Maga-
zine's youth,

Your patience would fail ere I could tell all the
truth.

Its foes have exerted all their strength in the strife,
And swore, by their Dagon, they would cut short
its life ;

Not a dart, nor a club, deadly malice could throw,
For want of commission, failed of giving a blow ;

And so dark was the air often made by the dust,
When they rushed in their host of corruption and
 lust,
That many well-wishers, by miscounting the cost,
Thought Satan was victor, and the Magazine
 lost !

In a moment of time, bright Aurora, in charms,
The clouds would all scatter, proudly brandish
 her arms,
Displaying the triumph of Christ and salvation,
Expressed in your praises with glad acclamation !

The wrath of old Moloch, all his prophets de-
 clared,
Would come down on your heads, not a soul
 would be spared,
For the crime of your faith, which embraces our
 race
In the bosom of love, and the fulness of grace.
And yet still you believe, and feel none of his
 ire,
You regard not his threats, and you fear not his
 fire.

The old scarlet Mother has had mourning of late,
For the loss of some words which composed her
estate ;

And some other losses, in the rest of her wares,
Do her troubles increase, and her sorrows and
cares.

Yet a ray of faint hope seems to beam in her
eye,

As some appear willing, and will still longer try,
For the sake of her pelf, ply their hands to her
cause,

And receive their reward in her ribbons and gauze.
Yet the vials of wrath fast prevail on her power,
Her plagues are collected, and all come in an
hour.

The light of Salvation, now behold it arise,
Its rays of bright glory fast prevail through the
skies !

Now the temple of grace its fair turrets displays,
And the city of God appears all in a blaze,
As fair as the moon is, and as clear as the sun,
Her banners are spreading, and her glory has
come !

You've tasted of honey, as it gushed from the
comb,

But were not contented t'eat the morsel alone ;
So now, made partakers of sweet favors that flow,
On companions around, a rich portion bestow.
And as you are favored with all fulness and more,
Have compassion for all, and remember the poor.

IMMORTALITY.

THAT orient beam which cheers the morn,
And drives the murky gloom away,
Through trackless ether swiftly borne,
To welcome in the infant day, —
Reminds me of that heavenly light,
Whose rays, dispersing error's gloom,
Open to man a glory bright,
In a fair world beyond the tomb.

Those varying scenes of beauty fair,
Which welcome in the youthful spring —
The blooming fields, the fragrant air,
The leafy groves and birds that sing, —

Remind me of that promised day,
When from the dead mankind shall rise,
As pure as light, and wing his way,
To spring eternal in the skies.

ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

In Freedom's song let millions join,
And praise the guardian power divine,
Whose inspiration gave the light,
That dawned with clear, celestial ray,
And gave our land this festal day,
Dispersed its clouds and made it bright.

Like Israel's tribes on Egypt's flood,
Our fathers' feet with caution stood
On stern Oppression's awful strand ;
They raised their prayer to Heaven's high throne ;
The Lord in majesty came down,
And safely led his chosen band.

The way was desert, dark, and drear,
And doubtful hearts were filled with fear ;
But, lo ! a fiery pillar rose,

A light to guide fair freedom's band,
And lead them to the promised land ;
A cloud of darkness to their foes.

Columbia's hills and vales be glad ;
Virgins and youth, with garlands clad,
Express your joy in songs of praise,
While dim-eyed age exults to see,
Its offspring *independent*, free —
And joins the inspiring themes to raise.

ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Sung at the Second Universalist Meeting, July 5th, 1824.

THE day returns, and with it brings
The memory of a thousand things,
Which on the page of history stand,
The pride and glory of our land.

When by Oppression's maddening claims
A tyrant wrought disgraceful chains,
Our patriot fathers to control,
To bow their neck, debase their soul ;

A VOICE was heard ! it rent the air !
It made Oppression's eye-balls stare !
Declared us INDEPENDENT, FREE !
And made THIS DAY OUR JUBILEE.

Then vassal clans and savage hosts
The din of war sent through our coasts —
The blood of patriots stained the field ;
But freemen's hearts can never yield.

Her starry banners Freedom waved,
The Power Divine our country saved,
And told the nations far and near,
FREEDOM should have her dwelling HERE.

A LIGHT has from her temple shone,
And sparks have from her altar flown,
To distant climes, beyond the sea,
The light and fire of LIBERTY.

Long as the sun shall rule the day,
Or moon shall hold her nightly sway,
May Freedom's sons and daughters raise
To God their grateful songs of praise.

DEATH AND IMMORTALITY.

AND must I die, and see no more

 This lovely world, O Lord, of thine,
Give all these sweet enjoyments o'er,
 And to the shades of death resign ?

Why was I made with fond desire

 For these bright scenes which round me lie ?
To see, in yonder globe of fire,
 The image of the Deity ?

And why should that mild moon so please,

 And those bright stars rejoice a heart
Which icy death so soon must freeze,
 And bid each charm of life depart ?

Why should the breezes of the spring,

 And the gay blossoms on the trees,
With all the winged tribes that sing,
 Have such enchanting powers to please

Thy child, O Lord, who soon must die,

 And see, and hear, and love no more ?
Can non-existence please thine eye ?
 Can death and silence thee adore ?

Still here are softer, fonder things,
In children and companion dear,
Than blossoms, or the bird that sings,
My love to warm, engage my care.

Why dash in pieces, then, the vase
Where such perfumery is stored,
And blot my memory from the place
Where I've inhaled thy sweetness, Lord?

In dying nature's stormy sea
An anchor to the soul is cast,
And visions of eternity
Present a rich and long repast.

Then, when in death I close these eyes,
And to his power my heart resign,
May hope's immortal star arise,
And shed its cheering rays divine.

LINES.

ON noisome weeds when lilies blow,
And hyacinths on nettles grow ;
When briers yield the camphor gum,
And sweets from gall and wormwood run ;
When hatred flows in streams of love,
And hawks and kites protect the dove ;
When foxes shall the brood defend,
And sheep secure by wolves be penned ;
When scorpion stings shall comfort give,
And spasms make the dying live ;
When sin shall cleanse poor man defiled,
And lies with truth be reconciled ;
When darkest cells shall light afford,
And wrath pronounce a peaceful word ;
When kings for equal right contend,
And tyrants shall the same defend ;
Then future torments, held to view,
Shall change the heart and make it new.

A PRAYER.

O THOU, whose power the mountains formed,
And made the sea his bed ;

Who set his raging waves their bound,
And all his caverns hid ;

The mountains thy commands obey,
The seas thy power confess ;

Thou dost their caverns deep survey,
And every dark recess.

O'er mountains of our sins, O Lord,
Wilt thou thy hand extend,
And to thy gracious, pardoning word
Their lofty summits bend.

And o'er the raging seas of guilt
May thy rich grace abound,
While in the blood which Jesus spilt
Each angry wave is drowned.

In darkest caverns of the heart
Wilt thou thy light display ;
And to the visual power impart
Thy own eternal day.

CHILDREN'S PRAISES.

The following was written on occasion of hearing a family of children sing.

WHEN Jesus taught in Galilee
That truth divine, which maketh free
From the vile yoke of sin,
Thousands, redeemed from sinful ways,
Joined in his well deserved praise,
And meekly followed him.

From place to place the Teacher went,
And by his works proved he was sent,
Commissioned from above.
On sightless eyes he poured the day;
The lame, relieved, went on their way,
With hearts imbued with love.

The sick from all around were brought,
And health from miracle was sought,
And never sought in vain;
The grave, the shroud, his word obeyed,
And those who were within them laid
Arose to life again.

Their little ones kind parents brought
To Jesus, and a blessing sought
On those they loved so well ;
And lo ! behold ! the blessing came
In the eternal Father's name,
And gently on them fell.

Now, little children, let me say,
Your hearts' affections, day by day,
Belong to Christ the Lord ;
Then early learn to know him well,
And strive in virtue to excel,
Directed by his word.

O how delightful 't is to hear
The voices of these children dear
In praise to God unite !
The music of the birds which sing,
On blooming branches in the spring,
Gives no such sweet delight.

CHRIST'S ENTRANCE INTO JERU-
SALEM.

FROM turrets high the watchmen now behold
Vast crowds press on toward the city gate,
As sheep press forward to the wonted fold ;
No tardy one does for another wait.

Bethpage is past ; and down the mountain's side
The multitude descend with voices loud ;
Their ranks are deep, and fill the valleys wide ;
They rush, they press, and to the city crowd.

The nobles, from their lofty halls, espy,
Amidst the host, one meek and lowly, ride
On the humble ass, and fast is drawing nigh,
Quite free from pomp, or equipage of pride.

"Who comes ? who comes ?" is cried the city
round ;
Inquiring thousands anxious are to know
What hostile power would tread on holy ground,
Or lay their loved, their ancient city low.

No hostile banner here, no sword displayed ;
The King of Zion comes as was foretold ;
Expected long, no longer now delayed ;
He comes to bring the wanderers to his fold.

Advancing on, the meek and lowly see
Amidst the throng ; while thousands loudly
sing
Hosannas in the highest, blest is he
Who comes to reign, our true and lawful
King.

Branches of palm and other trees are seen ,
Waving in air, and strewed along the way ;
And beauty's hands dispose the evergreen
Along the paths where costly garments lay.

Hark ! what sounds are those our ears salute ?
Hosannas loud sweet infant voices raise !
Sing on, dear babes, nor let your tongues be mute ;
Your King is worthy to receive your praise.

But pause ! — a lamentation strikes the ear ;
The great Messiah weeps aloud to see
Jerusalem ; and now his falling tear
Forebodes her woes, and her sad destiny.

The holy prophets she hath madly slain,
And multiplied her sins before the Lord ;
Her hands the blood of innocence did stain,
Which called aloud for the avenging sword.

Through all her streets that sword must quickly
pass,
Wielded in wrath which can no pity show ;
Her glory now must wither like the grass ;
Jerusalem must fall before her foe.

The house of God, the house of prayer to purge,
The lowly Prince of Peace now enters in,
And drives from thence, with well-prepared
scourge,
Vile thieves, its inmates who too long have
been.

O King of Zion ! in this heart of mine
Are thieves more vile — wilt thou not enter
there,
And with thy rod of searching truth divine,
By cleansing, make this heart a house of prayer ?

THE SOUL PANTING AFTER GOD.

"As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." — Psalm xlii. 1.

WILT thou, O God, forever hide
Thy smiling mercy from my heart?
How slowly do my moments glide!
How heavy, dreary, and how dark!

In vain each glittering, earthly toy
I try my anguish to beguile;
Not one imparts a moment's joy,
Nor lights on sorrow's face a smile.

Wilt thou no more thy smiles impart,
My wounded spirit to revive?
No more refresh this famished heart,
Nor from this dying state revive?

Again I seek in pleasures round —
Not to enjoy, for that were vain —
But to forget my grief profound;
Yet all my sorrows still remain.

In memory of comforts gone,
Wilt thou thy favors hide from me?

Forgetfulness is less forlorn ;
Return, or grant this boon of thee.

Forget ? O no ! the hart as soon,
That thirsteth for the living stream,
Might cease to pant for drink at noon,
As I for what I once have seen.

A PRAYER.

With costly offerings why should we
Approach thine altar, Lord ?
Thine is the earth, and thine the sea,
And all the worlds abroad.

The oil that from the olive flows,
The wine the vintage yields,
And every herb and fruit that grows
In gardens and in fields,

Are gifts of thine, which we receive
As tokens of thy love ;
They please our tastes, our wants relieve,
And thy great goodness prove.

From coral beds of ocean deep
 Could we rich diamonds bring,
And on a golden altar heap,
 Each shining, glittering thing;
To thee they all belonged before,
 Created by thy skill,
And treasured in thy ample store,
 According to thy will.

The humble, contrite, broken heart
 Thou never didst despise;
Wilt thou, O God, thy aid impart,
 To bring this sacrifice?

AN INVITATION.

Poor wanderer in the paths of sin,
 Wouldst thou return to peace?
O follow then the light within —
 That light will fast increase.

But are thy feet in fetters bound?
 Have foes blocked up thy way?

Have snares encompassed thee around ?
Then dangerous is delay.

Now is the time ! one prayer sincere
Will turn these cords to tow,
Destroy these snares, and end thy fear,
And prostrate lay the foe.

Do crimes forebode the wrath divine,
And tell thee not to pray ?
Does conscience press that heart of thine,
And guilt most ponderous lay ?

Then listen to the words of him,
Whose doctrine is the way ;
Who came to save from death and sin,
And learn us how to pray.

“ Ye heavy laden, come to me,
And I will give you rest ;
My service is true liberty,
And freedom to th’ oppressed.”

Transporting joys the angels feel,
Through all the realms above,
To see one humble sinner kneel
Before the God they love.

Forgiveness flows from his right hand,
Like streams from fountains large ;
It makes the guilty upright stand,
And gives a full discharge.

“THERE IS A GOD, ALL NATURE
CRIES ALOUD.”

THE morning dawn, the noon-day blaze,
The setting sun's soft farewell rays,
With eloquence divine;
Instruct the contemplative mind,
And point to pages where we find
A God in every line.

The moon, whose paler, softer beam
Is on the peaceful waters seen,
Divinity proclaims ;
While her reflected beauty bright,
That cheers the gloom of silent night,
This truth divine maintains.
Those lamps on high, beyond the sun,
Beyond where rolling planets run,
This solemn truth declare,

In language all can understand ;
And so do air, and sea, and land,
This testimony bear.

The flowery lawns, the fruitful fields,
The vine which cheering nectar yields,
Confirm this truth to me ;
And every creature here on earth,
To which the elements give birth,
Proclaims the Deity.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

SWEET are the summer flowers,
Bright with morning dew ;
Or washed in balmy showers,
Their fragrance to renew.

With all their varied shades,
Blended by art divine,
In gardens or in glades,
With splendid beauty shine.

VIRTUE far is sweeter
Found in a maiden's breast ;

Shining in each feature,
And in her look expressed.

When flowers sweet shall fade,
And all their beauties die,
The amaranthine maid
Blooms in an upper sky.

LINES

Written on reading, in a Rhode Island paper, the death of
Hon. OLNEY BALLOU, of Cumberland, R. I.

IN grief and sorrow low I bow
To the bereaving hand divine,
Which hath from earth and time removed
A well beloved friend of mine.

In his vast soul were treasures found
More precious than the most refined
Of gold in Ophir's bowels hid,
And for a nobler use designed.

An intellect as clear and bright
As sunbeams when the noon displays

The glories of the earth and sea,
And over all things light conveys.

A love of truth and human kind
Dwelt in God's image in the man ;
A pure benevolence so large
As could the vast creation span.

Nor are the rocks which ocean bound,
And stay the foaming waves which roll,
More firm than his integrity,
The righteous purpose of his soul.

No partial creed of church or state
Could find acceptance in his heart ;
The equal rights of all he prized,
And ever took the weaker's part.

With steady and undaunted eye
He looked oppression in the face ;
And, though a host against him rose,
Never forsook or left his place.

When power unrighteous laid on him
Relentless cruelty and wrong,

It found that firm integrity
Had made its long-tried victim strong.

And as the rising beams of morn
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
So the bright virtues of the man
Put all his enemies to flight.

His active virtues so prevailed,
As justly for him to procure,
In his beloved State, a name,
Which to his honor shall endure.

With his dear family and friends
My sincere heart shall heave a sigh,
And pray for that consoling hope
Of promise in a world on high.

THE PROGRESS OF TRUTH.

THY word, O Lord, has travelled through
This favored land of thine ;
And, where the briar and thistle grew,
Has set a plant divine.

As buds bound up in winter's cold
Feel the soft breath of spring,
Their leaves and blossoms both unfold,
And round their odors fling ;

Beneath its power the iron knee
Of superstition bends ;
And hearts, from error's bondage free,
Taste joys thy favor sends.

Like as the dews on tender shoots
Both life and vigor give,
Thy grace calls forth abundant fruits,
And makes the dying live.

Thy wonders, Lord, mine eyes have seen,
In this thy favored land ;
A desert clothed in living green
By thine all-gracious hand.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE
WIDOW'S SON.

LUKE VII.

WHAT crowd is that at Nain's gate,
That moves so slowly on the way;
No sprightly music to elate
The jocund swains or virgins gay?

Hark! on the air a sad lament
Comes mournful to our listening ears;
Affliction's bosom finds a vent,
And sorrow sheds a flood of tears.

In sackcloth clad, amidst the crowd,
Low bending, moves a widow lorn;
Her only son, wrapped in a shroud,
Before her slowly moves along.

Compassion's eye has caught the sight;
Compassion's voice the mourner hears;
Sorrow gives place to fond delight,
And joy dries up those falling tears.

The promised Life of man draws near,
The bearers pause and mutely stand;

For something touched the shrouded bier ;
That touch was by the Saviour's hand.

A voice awakes the ear of death !
'T was the command, Young man, arise !
His vitals quick inhale their breath,
And light pours on his opening eyes.

DIVINE GOVERNMENT.

A THEME, worthy of better bards,
Commands my full strong lyre ;
And warms my heart, a heart enlarged
With more than mortal fire.

The ways of the Divine I sing,
His mysteries unfold,
And to the understanding bring
Truths worthy to be told.

What here on earth we evil call,
And all which men deplore,
On which their lamentations fall,
Present and heretofore ;

And all the good, so highly prized,
The present and the past,
By the same wisdom was devised
For the same end at last.

When thunders roll and lightnings blaze
And tempests rush amain,
And men and beasts with terror gaze,
On mountain, sea, and plain, —

When all the elements contend,
And war with deadly strife,
Their ragings all on Him depend
Who gives all creatures life.

The world within the human soul,
With every passion there,
Is subject to the same control,
Submissive to its care.

Ambition, lust, and pride may rage,
And war's dread fire may blaze ;
Thousands in bloody strife engage,
And shouts of victory raise.

While dying groans fall on our ears,
And fill our hearts with grief,

While sorrow sheds a flood of tears,
Where shall we seek relief?

In this eternal truth, I sing,
That God's own will is done,
Who good from every ill can bring,
That 's found beneath the sun.

SALVATION.

BEHOLD, in royal splendor,
Jerusalem, thy King!
Thy safeguard, thy defender,
Who doth salvation bring.

Before his sceptre spreading,
Rebellion bows the knee;
While he, the wine-press treading,
Sets captive sinners free.

In Shiloh's holy mountain,
Provisions are in store —
And from a living fountain
Shall flow forevermore

Life's sweet and limpid waters,
For all the human race,
Who come from distant quarters,
To taste redeeming grace.

The north retains no longer,
The south begins to yield;
The sick and weak grow stronger,
The wounded all are healed.

Let songs of praise and gladness
In all our temples rise,
And banish grief and sadness,
And tears from all our eyes.

PRAYER AND THANKS.

AN offering meet, to thee, my God,
My grateful soul would bring;
For all thy mercies great and good,
Thy praise would ever sing.

Humbly I bend before thy throne,
And offer fervent prayer,

That thou wouldst not this heart disown,
This heart oppressed with care.

Worn down with age, with toil oppressed,
I taste thy goodness still ;
And though afflictions wound my breast,
Submit unto thy will.

When those, to fond affection dear,
Are languishing with pain,
O may a husband's, father's prayer,
With thee kind audience gain.

And wilt thou health and ease restore ?
For these are thine to give ;
Then to thy glory evermore
Will we devoutly live.

Thanks to thy name, O God of love !
Thy smiling face I see !
And health comes gently as a dove,
And whispers peace to me.

HYMN OF PRAISE.

To Him, whose wisdom is displayed
In every creature he has made ;
Whose goodness, too, in fairest lines,
Is read in all his blest designs, —

Let praises in loud anthems rise,
Through all the earth, and reach the skies ;
With sounds melodious laud his name,
And raise devotion to a flame.

Through the wide earth and broader sea,
The footsteps of the Deity,
The impress of his truth and grace,
With infinite delight we trace.

Ye sons of men, in worship kneel,
Let every heart the transport feel ;
The theme forever shall remain ;
Eternally is God the same.

THE ACCEPTABLE SACRIFICE.

As early as the voice of birds

Aurora's birth shall sing,

Unto thine altar, O my God,

My sacrifice I'll bring.

But teach me, Holy Spirit, where

The costly gift is found ;

Beyond the seas, beyond the flood,

Or in the deeps profound ?

From spicy fields, or olive groves,

An offering shall I bring ?

Or shall Golconda's golden shore

Afford the shining thing ?

Say, in the stall, with garlands dressed,

This offering can I find ?

Or, must there, to atone my guilt,

A first-born be resigned ?

Thy voice I hear ! The whisper saith,

A broken heart I prize ;

Contrition on my altar lay,

'T is precious in my eyes.

P A S T O R A L .

"The Lord is my Shepherd."

YE shepherds kind, who tend the fold,
And guard the feeble young,
Who seek a shelter from the cold,
The hills and vales among ;
Should from your flocks some wand'ers stray,
And in the forest roam,
Exposed to savage beasts of prey,
Say, would you bring them home ?
If lame, or sick, and like to die,
Some tender lamb you see,
To its relief O would you fly,
And its restorer be ?
Armed for defence, would you look on,
And see the wolf draw near,
And scatter death your flocks among,
And thus neglect your care ?
Beneath your eyes could theft succeed
To waste your flocks so dear ?
Or, would you, to prevent the deed,
Stand forth the owners there ?

From you, ye shepherds, will I learn
My Saviour's grace to prize,
Who safely guards his flock from harm,
Beneath his sleepless eyes.

A N O T H E R .

FOUNDED ON FACT.

LAST week, as in a country town
Some herds and flocks I saw,
All fattening on the flowery lawn,
By nature's simple law ;
Alert the lambs their gambols played,
And frolicked o'er the fields,
While all around I saw displayed
Such charms as nature yields.
My eyes were feasting on the sight,
My ears did sweetly ring,
While every object gave delight,
And birds for joy did sing ;
When, lo, my eyes arrested were, —
A piteous sight to me ;

A blundering lamb ran here and there,
A lamb that could not see.

I grieved to hear its melting moan,
When from the dam astray,
But joyed to see the shepherd come,
And bring the lamb away.

This brought my Shepherd to my mind,
My Saviour and his charms,
Who pitied me when lost and blind,
And took me in his arms.

ODE,

SUNG AT THE CELEBRATION OF AMERICAN
INDEPENDENCE, AT BOSTON, JULY 4, 1820.

ARISE, ye millions, through the land,
And loud prolong the lay,
And sing, in one harmonious band,
Our nation's natal day.

To the All Merciful and Wise,
Who brought the tyrant low,

Let gratitude in anthems rise,
And every passion flow.

Beneath your feet, Columbians, see
Oppression's broken chain ;
And shout a nation born, and free,
Who INDEPENDENCE claim.

O think on Him, whose wings were spread,
To guard our hero band,
And sat a shield upon the head
Of those who saved our land !

From north to south, from east to west,
Through our extensive coast,
With equal laws and freedom blest,
We INDEPENDENCE boast.

Nor shall these rights, the price of blood,
Be ever thrown away,
While waters wave, or forests bud,
Or sun reflects a ray.

THE BEATITUDES.

MATT. V. 3—11.

BLESSED are they in spirit poor ;
A heavenly kingdom is their store.
All they desire to them is given —
A life of peace, the life of heaven ;
For all are blest while they obey,
Divinely blest from day to day.

Blessed are they who mourn for sin,
For soon their comfort shall begin ;
They walk in true humility,
And taste the sweets of liberty ;
For all are blest while they obey,
Divinely blest from day to day.

Blest are the meek, both now and hence, —
The earth is their inheritance ;
Its treasures vast to them are given,
By Him who rules enthroned in heaven ;
For all are blest while they obey,
Divinely blest from day to day.

Blessed are they who hungry are
For righteousness both sweet and rare ;

This is the tree of life divine,
It yields them bread, and milk, and wine ;
For all are blest while they obey,
Divinely blest from day to day.

The merciful are blest, who show
Compassion both to friend and foe ;
A rich reward shall they obtain,
For with them mercy shall remain ;
For all are blest while they obey,
Divinely blest from day to day.

Yea, blessed are the pure in heart,
Who never from the right depart ;
Who live from guile and error free ;
They shall be blest their God to see ;
For all are blest while they obey,
Divinely blest from day to day.

Blessed are they who shun all strife,
And others teach a peaceful life ;
To them the honor shall be given
Of children of the God of heaven ;
For all are blest while they obey,
Divinely blest from day to day.

All those who persecuted are,
For righteousness, have blessings rare ;
A heavenly kingdom they possess,
A reign of peace and righteousness ;
For all are blest while they obey,
Divinely blest from day to day.

All those are blest whom men revile,
And persecute, and treat with guile ;
Falsely accuse for Jesus' name,
Although for him they suffer shame ;
For all are blest while they obey,
Divinely blest from day to day.








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